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The purpose of the Central Atlantic Regional Educational Laboratory (CAREL) literature program was to encourage pupils' imaginative and expressive power and to improve their ability to use language effectively. The curriculum was designed for 3- to 8-year-olds who represented a wide socioeconomic background. Specialists trained teachers to relate literature to children's experiences and to use students' experiences as literary material. In workshops and classrooms, teachers used stories, pictures, poems, and class discussion to encourage student response and expression, both oral and written. To encourage creativity, correction of grammatical and spelling errors was de-emphasized. Evaluations were made of taped classroom and workshop sessions, oral and written reports prepared by the teachers and CAREL staff, and children's written work. Results indicated improvement in children's self-expression and writing ability. Teachers accepted students and responded to them more readily than before training and used less structured teaching strategies. It is recommended that future programs seek staff members representing different backgrounds and life styles. Appendixes describe participants, evaluations, and curriculum content. (DR)

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Development of a Literature Curriculum for Young Children

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FOREWORD

This is one of a series of six volumes which report on Phase One of the CAREL Arts and Humanities Curriculum Development Program for Young Children. Volumes two through six -- respectively for visual arts, dance, literature, music, and theatre -- document Phase One details of the rationale and approach, teacher preparation program, curriculum development and contents, evaluation findings, and recommendations for the future. The first volume is an overview of the entire program and outlines recommendations for Phase Two.

The U.S. Office of Education funded CAREL to complete Phase One which lasted two years, ending on May 31, 1969. For each component, this included exploratory studies; the preliminary development of curricula materials, objectives, and strategies; preparation programs for classroom teachers; classroom tryouts and evaluation of the preliminary curricula; and preparation for controlled pilot testing in the schools. For these purposes, CAREL prepared 48 classroom teachers to teach one art component each, and explored each of the arts singly, with 2,809 pupils in 27 CAREL field schools for approximately a year.

These programs in the arts and humanities were truly innovative in both content and scope. Two of the five components -- dance and theatre -- did not even exist in most American schools. The other three existed, but in generally limited programs which did not nearly meet the expressed needs of pupils.

Each component discovered that most students were constrained, restricted, and lacked interest in their usual school roles as recipient learners and repositories of information. The CAREL program developed new roles for students. They could become explorers of the full range of each art form, creative and expressive artists, poets, writers, composers, and performers; they were respected as audiences, critics, and evaluators with valid feelings, imaginations, and ideas. They were trusted and encouraged to play orchestral and exotic instruments, to use recording equipment and cameras, to work with professional quality art materials, and to express their own poetry and stories in their own language. Teachers became guides with available knowledge, skills, and resources to help students solve their own problems with their own creativity.

The results were almost instantaneous in terms of student excitement and eager involvement. They could be "turned on" within minutes by personal interest and pride in their new roles. And as exploring, creative, and expressive self-educators, they also learned more of the classical information and skills than they ever did in their former roles as recipients and repositories. Now, for example, a pupil asked his music teacher how great composers had solved certain problems in beginning a composition. The pupil then listened to classical recordings for the answers and considered them for his own composition. This was very much different from listening to the beginning of classical recordings to memorize answers for a test.

Much remains to be done to develop and refine the CAREL curricula and especially the preparation programs for classroom teachers. But the CAREL "way of learning" can provide the essential pupil energy needed for further curriculum development, energy in the kind of pupil interest and excitement that accompany his musical composition, his work of art, his poem or story or improvised dramatic role.

Due to the lack of funds, CAREL can not continue into Phase Two. However, it is hoped that the information and findings of these CAREL studies will enable and enhance the continuation by others into the next phase of an arts and humanities curriculum development program for young children.

Martin Dishart, Ph.D.
Program Director

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CHAPTER I

The Conceptual Framework

Why bother with stories and poems in the education of youngsters? What good can come of talking about literary art with children who are just on their way to becoming readers and writers at primitive levels and are a long way from proficiency?

The answer as we saw it is this: The right kind of talk can be the means by which youngsters start forming two important habits. First, the habit of reflecting on experience with an eye to seeing what things mean. Second, the habit of assessing experience with an eye to discovering how one human being connects with another - in sympathy, understanding, and friendship - simply by showing that other person what he knows and how he feels. Neither of these habits can be fostered by teaching which focuses on stories and poems as art objects totally separated from the lives of people. Both habits can be fostered by teaching which focuses on characters and situations and their likeness to experience. The right kind of teaching - it cannot come too early - encourages children to use their own language, to speak freely in the classroom, to articulate the events of their daily lives and their daily feelings; and all this can be done in connection with particular tales, particular poems. The fundamental basis of our decision to work with literary art was, in short, this: that literary art can show the child how much of his own life can be raised up to the level of conscious understanding and how much of other people's lives can be raised up to the level of sympathy.

Several questions arise. Are there alternate positions or attitudes toward stories and poems that might foster similar human and pedagogical ends? Are there other ways of thinking about the teaching of literary art that might produce different, yet equally beneficial human efforts? The three major curriculum models for current programs in English are the following, as described by James R. Squire of the National Council of Teachers of English (NCTE):

> . . . a sequence for grades 1-12 has been developed by the curriculum study center at the University of Nebraska. The sequence introduces children to representative literary genres: parables, fables, picaresque tales, myth and epic, comedy, poetry, and romance are presented throughout the curriculum with increasingly complex selections appropriate to the age and interests of children introduced every two or three years to achieve a cumulative effect.
>
> Another approach stresses the education of the imagination. The child not only reads stories, dramas, and poems, but also tells or acts out stories, dramas, and poems. Personal experience and creativity, involvement and engagement are vital ingredients. Less attention to reasoning and the analytic skills at an early age and to the acquisition of knowledge about literature are characteristic of this second approach.

> Still a third model for the elementary curriculum supports wide personal reading by direct study of the elements of literature: character, theme, plot style, diction, tone, and figurative language.

The first and third models are too abstract and over-literary for the needs of young children and for many primary school teachers to master. It is in the area of the second model - "the education of the imagination" - that we were convinced the best work could be done in the primary grades. As for the question, "Can other kinds of teaching produce beneficial results?", the answer is yes. But there are several circumstances that made us choose our approach. Chief of them is that work done by teachers who have followed our approach has been largely preliminary - built up out of scraps and unworked-through ideas, never pushed with consistent energy and determination and planning which would result in teaching strategies that could be of use to great numbers of teachers. Our conviction was that the moment had come for a more substantial effort to develop, in the teaching of literary art, those insights and gleams of inspiration that had been put before us by the brilliant early experimenters in this field.

What we hoped for - our "expected outcome" - can be stated briefly: we hoped for a marked increase in the expressive power of pupils. How was this to be measured? By comparing the performance of children whose teachers focused in the area described above with the performance of children who had not had this kind of classroom work. We thought that evaluation measures might include comparisons of oral and written responses to such simple subjects for discussion as: "Tell as much as you can about the last time your feelings were hurt. Who hurt them? Why?" Dozens of similar queries, "created" with utmost care for human understanding as opposed to mere grammatical soundness, seemed feasible. We knew we couldn't be certain about the ultimate criteria for assessing changes in expressive power until we knew more about the possible range of such power in children in the elementary grades. Some knowledge for some pupils in these areas already was available, but, for a major part of our target population, very little was known. We expected to be able to specify and express outcomes more clearly after a year or two of work.

In planning that work we settled upon two strategies. The first was the teacher training workshop in which experienced specialists show how particular poems and stories can be brought into relation with the experiences of the children, and can be used as a means of clarifying that experience (Example: the use of stories like "Three Billy Goats Gruff" in opening up to the child the whole area of "bully-ism", the ways of the weak in dealing with the strong, etc.).

The second important strategy involved the use of creative writers, poets and story tellers both in the teacher training workshops and in visits to the classroom. The particular task of the specialists was to show teachers how to listen to pupils, how to draw from pupils interesting details and circumstances of the pupils' lives which can become the substance of children's stories. The creative writer would show forth the potential of the daily life of the pupil as literary material - experiences that can be recounted, put into rhythm, into narrative, into fantasy. The writer could show the teacher how to do the job by doing it himself. He could do it with the authority of the man whose gifts drive him to literary expression.

Behind both strategies, as cannot be repeated too often, lay two assumptions. The first was that our prime job was strengthening the imagination -

> . . . that power [as our first rationale put it] to make real to ourselves an inward life that isn't our own - someone else's feelings, state of mind, attitude toward and beliefs about himself. As Charles Cooley, the great American sociologist, once said, a prime human obligation is that of imagining imaginations - imagining what another person sees himself to be, imagining how another person regards himself, imagining how another person images himself to himself: what his personal idea of himself truly is. That power by which people make real to themselves the inward reality of others is never in large supply. But seemingly, to judge from the nature of recent social crises, it has been in especially small supply in this country, which until lately appears to have been composed chiefly of self-enclosed worlds (white, black, rich, poor, urban, suburban, etc.), each incapable of imagining the inwardness of the other. And if that argument is questioned, there can't be much doubt that the teacher who works to develop imaginative power within her students isn't simply fostering personal growth but performing a task of significant social utility.

The other central assumption was that our work should encourage and stimulate children to see the language they possess as an effective means of coping with realities - not just with classroom abstractions or niceness or proprieties, but with things as they are in daily life. From the beginning, we selected poems about people: pawnbrokers, children on a park bench, subway riders, a woman lying hungry in her apartment, a mother trying to tell her son about living in the images she is able to control. We used this "material" to open up poetry/talk, to encourage children to look for poetry-possibilities in their own lives, to search in their own experiences for means of understanding what others have written. We were looking forward to a day when a child might say, "Look at the woman with the shopping bag filled with newspapers. She is like a poem." - instead of just laughing at people they do not understand, as too many grown men do.

From the beginning we took as a guideline David Holbrook's comment that

> in approaching children's writing . . . we need to seek beyond the problem of spelling, the look of the writing, and get to the symbolic meaning. Once we have some sense

> of this, we judge it not in terms of its "psychological value" but as poetry. That is, from our experience of poetry of all kinds, we can ask ourselves, "In its symbolic exploration of inner and outer experience how sincere is this?". By "how sincere" here I think we mean how much real work is being done on problems of life: and the clue to this will be in the freshness, the energy, the rhythm amd feel of the language.

And from the beginning we shared a sense of the vitality, the uses, the need for real poetry in the classroom, and in our students' lives. One of our number, Mr. Sam Cornish, set forth his convictions on this point as follows:

> Ask a student to write a poem, and if he is the kind of child who is going to make his way in the corporation world, he will tell you, Snow comes down/ all around/ the town/ or, Sam likes ham. For him this is poetry: something remote that is concerned with end words rhyming more than an actual experience. Content second. Good lines first. If the same child took part in a riot, watched a streetcorner murder, ask him about poetry and he will remember a word that rhymes with another. . .
>
> Some poems will disturb, we feel, the black child. Never mention slavery or sitting in the back of the bus - "the child can't take it." Let a child remain a child as long as he can; life will catch up soon enough. This is what many teachers feel. . .
>
> Unless the poems are carefully selected you encourage quick and unimaginative thinking. The rhyme is hard to avoid in the poems and the child remembers this more than subject matter, and works for it. He is working for teacher, neglecting his language and its possibilities. . .
>
> If the subject matter is direct, we are encouraging the use of the world we live in as material for poetry, making the world and the form not remote and something to deal with only in the classroom. Children do think of Santa, fairies, flowers, etc., but a use of a personal experience means learning about your own world and how it fits along with you into a larger pattern. You are forced to understand as well as create the details of your everyday life.

None of us would phrase his views about poetry and reality in the classroom in precisely these terms; as writers and teachers we are individuals. But the thrust of Mr. Cornish's remarks has been, in the main, the thrust of our literature program. We set out to show that language is a genuine resource for understanding, that writing and reading and imagining are tightly linked, and that the chief function of "story-hour" ought to be to help children discover where and what they are.

CHAPTER II

Activities of the Literature Team

The CAREL Literature Team was composed of one classroom teacher, familiar with the existing school environment and with expertise in early-childhood education; two artist-educators, dedicated to literature and yet working in the day to day educational milieu; and two poets, both committed to the magic of words and of children. Our chief activities were the following:

We held monthly workshops at CAREL, trying out story-talk, discussing teachers' experience with our methods, working out fresh ways of conducting story sessions in classrooms, and finding out whether we were reaching the children. In the workshops, as well as in the classroom, we talked about writing as well as reading, always with emphasis on the need for children to become more aware of the life around them.

We went into the classrooms ourselves, separately or in teams of two or three, and, using devices of our own invention (see below), we tried to show children how to use writing as a means of seeing their lives, and how to use stories as means of interpreting what they saw.

We functioned somewhat as a clearing house, putting stories and staff-created materials in the hands of children and teachers to further develop the ideas of the workshop.

We developed lessons to make these ideas and approaches possible in the classroom for others rather than just ideas we passed around in the workshops.

In planning the workshops we thought hard about how we had seen stories used by teachers in the classroom -- either as breaks from class routine or as something to do without expending much energy in the last few minutes of the day. Story-time was a passive experience for the children. Stories were read but rarely discussed in terms of their relations to the experience of the children and seldom used as means of understanding life.

We also thought hard on the nature of our teachers. They weren't writers or people trained in literature, after all. Their experience with books was limited. Instead of teaching, by direct study, elements of literature - character, theme, plot, tone, etc. - and instead of using the Nebraska curriculum approach which deals in terms of genre, we aimed at developing methods that could be used by any teacher in any school. Our intention was to keep the ideas we were presenting simple and immediately useful in the classroom. Over and over again in the workshops we repeated our key concept, working to get teachers to locate places where ideas connected with or paralleled life, or brought the listener deeper into his own experience. We wanted to show that a book becomes not just words on paper but an arrow shot into the world --

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that it enters into something, pins it down -- a feeling, an emotion, an event. Mr. Fox in the story is shown in his relation to someone in the class finding out about the people around him, learning what is attractive from his own special point of view. Talking about Peter's Chair became an effort at placing brother and sister in the children's familiars in relation to themselves. Our focus rarely shifted: Story-talk sought to help the child know who he is and how to share this knowledge with others.

But all this is very abstract and doesn't convey the texture of our sessions. Best to quote again from an attempt by one of the literature team to do just that -- to describe how the workshops worked, what the texture of these sessions was like:

> Celeste, our secretary, begins the workshop at the grocery store buying soda, cookies, paper plates and cups, and if there is enough money left over, flowers. The workshop must be a place to be comfortable in. Coffee, after being with children and lesson plans, can awaken you or keep you going through a workshop that might be trying to say painful things to you. Some of the things teachers hear and will hear again and again in the workshop are not pleasant: you hear again that your children are poor with patches on their pants and minds; books and books are pulled before your eyes for you to take into the classroom. If you are black, everything you lived through is hauled across the table and you receive the same blame as white teachers; most of all if you are stronger than most blacks you feel an equal helpless feeling come over you. Hearing the things you do every day talked about makes you feel very restless; heads nod in the escape of sleep, fingers are folded into fists. Flowers, coffee, soda, and cookies are needed here.
>
> You cannot talk enough about the teachers; already there is too much misunderstanding between teachers and research teams, teachers and blacks, teachers and parents, teachers and school administrators. Books like Death At an Early Age and How Children Fail make the job tougher by raising the expectations without considering the wounded people who become teachers. They say "Change!", without thinking about context, and they reduce (this is true of Herndon and Kozol) the problems of the school into dramas. Teachers walk into workshops like Custer's troops waiting to get it; we knew this and we tried to ease things as much as we could.

Mrs. Bridge, an attractive middle-aged Negro teacher, one of the workshop participants, wearing one of her many wigs and a dress such as those usually worn by white suburban women at tea, is a representative member of our group. With her books and large eyes, she loves her children and feels they will always be called "niggers" and have trouble finding jobs; the least she can do is to tell them stories, sing, keep them young for the short time before their world and hers is burned down and the National Guard rides through the neighborhood and camps in the schoolyard. Not all of the teachers are like Mrs. Bridge, but the black ones know the fight is a battle never begun, and they try to understand as well as they can. By our standards, most of the time they are wrong. What happens here, then, is another attempt to reach the schools; trying to reach the schools knowing that all of the schools have the same problem, dated institutions with little or no relevance to the lives of the children who attend. With the black teacher the problem is double: there is the sudden death through riot, the violent streets, hunger and the apartment he is sentenced to die in. Add to this the guilt all of us feel; we need a comfortable place to sit while talking about subjects and methods the school and parents may not be open to. We aren't all the same, of course. The workshop provides an opportunity for persons with varied backgrounds and teaching experiences to meet; bringing together teachers from teachers' colleges with specialized aspirations and professionals with different vantage points from which they view the world. But there are many tensions in the room.

As a rule we begin by speaking of the possibilities of stories as a means of getting a child to talk about things that happen to all of us. The Three Billy Goats Gruff turns out to be about confronting the bully, the use of wit to stay alive in a world that is stronger than you are. In other ways it is a child's world of threat and of thought used to overcome a situation stronger than he is. An Anteater Named Arthur becomes a story about children, nice, warm, kind, all the good things children are, until they begin to behave as young people who want to understand the world, find things to do, and feel comfortable doing them, as Arthur does when he wants to play, and will not play with anyone, if that anyone is a girl. Ben DeMott, who has chaired most of

> our workshops, is trying here to show stories as more than tales to make the hour pass quietly. Stories, he believes, will allow us to understand ourselves through the created artificial experiences of men and animals.
>
> With the end of story/talk there is a break; we move around and talk with one another, letting our minds relax.
>
> The end of the workshop should be talking about the children, what we did last week, the results, and trying to relax to say what we think has happened so far between the children and the teacher-artist teams, but this is personal and it is hard to open up with each other. Teachers, like the rest of us, have not understood everything that has gone on between us. There are tensions of color, some of the team feel; there is the current thinking that being white presents a barrier for the others to understand, making work almost impossible; then there is the confusion when writers and teachers meet given the preconceptions all of us have. Under the circumstances it is hard for there to be an open atmosphere.
>
> When the workshop is over, each teacher has books, ideas, understanding of new concepts of writing with children, and assignments.
>
> Left behind are the lessons from the last visit to the class -- cues, we hope, to the relationship between the workshop and class.

By the same token, it is one thing to say, "We go to the classroom as a team," and another to render that experience as it was. Every member of our team didn't respond the same way to his classroom visits. And for no one of us was the quality of the visits always the same: every day was a new scene. Here are some notes on what one of our number felt as he worked:

> The schoolroom is a strange place for me; going to school almost twenty-five years ago as a child, I find things have changed -- or I lead myself into thinking so. The teachers appear to be younger, better-fed and better-educated; students are calling themselves black, and Negro History Week is almost year round with hardly anyone mentioning Carver and his peanut. But most of this, I am afraid, is a change in me, and the hopes of teacher-writer teams like ours. Negro teachers still go to Negro teachers' colleges; calling a child black in person, story, or poem can have you dismissed from class. Children still copy assignments from the boards, and the only change in the poetry and stories may be that

the reprint is not as old as the book I used in class as a kid. Knowing that teachers have a problem with the schoolboards, parents, children who would rather be somewhere else, and the schooling received at teachers' college, my mouth is shut most of the time. It is not enough to have even good ideas when you are not of the school, just a teaching and writing team fumbling around in a strange place.

The children are waiting behind desks and notebooks. In some schools they stand and speak when you walk into the classroom; if they are close to their teacher, as soon as you move among them they touch you, fight for your attention. Our children are first, second and third graders. Whether they are hungry with backsides falling through the holes in their trousers, or have swimming pools in the backyard, they are still eager to touch you.

We have their attention, talk comes easy, and with stories we open up our talking relationship. If we say to them, write the way it sounds to you, writing flows like talk.

The writing comes through images the children have of us, through the way we dress and move our bodies. Ben [the director] is tall; his shoulders could be small landing fields for flies and grasshoppers, not to mention his long hair touching his shoulders. He is "Tarzan", a rock singer, a clean beatnik: Who would not spill his poems for company like this? Jeanette [the coordinator] is all smiles; her face moves close enough to make conversation a private thing, almost saying, "Your words are secrets with me." Most of all, she is a woman, and boys are drawn to her; she is the pretty teacher in the story books. Maxine [a poetry consultant] is dark, the film star, the writer reading her stories, the tall lady who could be Sleeping Beauty grown up, coming to class to finish the story. Lucille [a poet-teacher] has many voices; words in her mouth belong to boys and girls as well as their parents. Stories live within her. For many children, if they close their eyes, she creates for them the lost experience of radio. To the black children she becomes mother, the nice lady next door and someone to love -- to others a person in their own lives who cares about children.

Being somebody in the secondary world of children cannot be avoided. My co-workers live through images our children have of them.

My job with the children seemed to be inventing ways of attracting attention and then creating interest in a subject that frightens most people: writing. In the classroom a way of being informal was adopted. I became Sam, and no one was allowed to call me Mr. Children were free to say I smelled, my hair is long, or "Get a haircut, Mr. Beatnik." As a bad boy I was leading an hour of relaxation. Maxine did this when after reading a story a child asked her when reading was going to begin; the boy was so caught up in her and the story that he forgot she was giving a lesson. Doing this is not impossible for a teacher. We can be close and relaxed in a number of ways. Jeanette always remembers children's names, and she is not afraid to touch them as you would touch small and fragile friends. Lucille sits on a child's chair, children around her in a circle, and reads a story; her voice is low and she looks at each child. During writing we do walk around the classroom and whisper to those with their hands in the air. Children do not always respond the first time, but if you gain their attention through a concern and interest in what they are doing, work becomes easier.

Obviously, regular teachers can also be "nice, relaxed", etc: why then should we take part? Why these visits? We go because we are trying to be models, working together to dramatize a new approach to the arts: media accessible to everyone including children. We are saying, gently and firmly, that the teacher can do more; the teacher can instruct the children in the arts and practice them. We go in to show what can be done, what is possible in all of us.

The classroom is an extension of the workshop: the story/talks by the director, the questions by the staff and attempts to explain again the reasons why we are together -- all these things take place in the workshops once a month. There could have been a problem with the director being out of town, white, and in his own way, as well as in the eyes of the teachers, strange; a problem in communication. Often we hear that only blacks can relate to or should talk to blacks; the problems of the poor should not be left to a staff like CAREL's. But we had teachers and children not only from inner city schools, but from the suburbs and rural areas.

And although we had a literature program director who came to us only once or twice a month, the team could show him in pre-workshop sessions the changes, developments, shifts of emphasis that were occurring in classroom work. The director would then give assignments: we would attempt to carry them out, as well as modify his suggestions with ideas of our own. Stepping into different classrooms and meeting the same teachers every day meant even further change. But the workshops remained an extension of the classroom, and the classroom remained the place where we tried out the ideas of the workshops. Even if some of the teachers never understood what we were doing, fell asleep during workshop, asked us to lead their classes in spelling or to put on a literary performance, the different types of children and schools seemed invariably to sense a change. This was a class in writing and reading for "focus". Reading had been a subject to teach a child how to handle his books, draft card, newspapers; writing would be the forming of letters and bringing words together for others to read. Writing and reading meant learning control through practice and a knowledge of the rules. A humanities approach such as our director's story/talk meant that stories are a way of reflecting on your life, learning to put yourself in another's place; writing means selecting your words and speaking as carefully as you do when you want to avoid being misunderstood. The humanities say, Learn to do by doing. We realized that reading, spelling, and writing (better described as "handwriting") will continue in the schools. Hopefully, the meaning of stories as literature and writing as an art form for children to make use of will also have a place in the classroom. All this that I am speaking of came alive only slowly in our workshops -- but this is because the staff learned as the teachers did, from its own growth, successes and failures.

CHAPTER III

The Participating Schools and Staff

Because the CAREL literature curriculum is designed for use by any group of youngsters aged three through eight, teachers participating in the workshops were selected from schools representing a wide diversity in pupil population in terms of geographical, cultural, religious and socio-economic factors. Consideration in school selection was also given to proximity to CAREL or to the homes of members of the literature team, desirability of working in more than one state (CAREL members come from a five state area) and requests by CAREL member school systems.

The Schools.

A brief description of each of the schools follows:

FIRST YEAR

1) Accokeek Elementary School, Accokeek, Maryland
Prince Georges County Public Schools

The Accokeek School is situated in a rural-suburban area approximately ten miles beyond the Washington beltway. The student population represents a wide range of socio-economic levels, since it includes some relatively impoverished rural residents as well as the more affluent residents of suburban homes recently built along the Potomac River.

2) The Hill School, Middleburg, Virginia
Private school, The Board of Directors, The Hill School

The Hill School is a private school located in Middleburg, Virginia, approximately 45 miles from Washington, D. C. Middleburg is an affluent community in the Virginia Hunt Country and students in the school have upper-middle class backgrounds.

3) Madison Elementary School, Washington, D. C.
District of Columbia Public Schools

Madison School is an inner-city Washington, D. C., school located in northeast Washington. The student population is Negro and represents lower income families.

4) St. Martin's School, Washington, D. C.
Catholic Archdiocese of Washington, D. C.

St. Martin's is an inner-city parochial school located at First and T Streets, N.E., in a lower income neighborhood. Its population is Negro with an occasional white student.

SECOND YEAR

During the second year work was continued in Madison School (grades 1-3) and in St. Martin's School (an additional teacher was added to the program). Work was discontinued with the Hill School because of the distance from CAREL. Waldon Woods School in Prince Georges County was substituted for Accokeek School because the principal and one of the teachers in the literature program were transferred from one school to the other. A new teacher at Waldon Woods was selected by the principal to work with the CAREL program.

An additional inner-city school, Emery, was selected at our request by Mr. Louis Kornhauser, director of the Greater Cities Project and Language Arts. Two teachers and the language arts teacher from Emery School participated in the program. Two other language arts teachers, one from Simmons School and one from Cleveland School, were invited to attend workshops and use ideas and materials. Two teachers from Burning Tree School in Montgomery County, Maryland, were selected because the principal, Mr. Thomas Poore, had been a CAREL staff member the previous year and was familiar with our program.

The schools added during the second year are described here:

1) Burning Tree Elementary School, Bethesda, Maryland
   Montgomery County Public Schools

   Burning Tree is a suburban elementary school located in an affluent section of Montgomery County just inside the beltway. The population of the school is almost totally white, with pupils mainly from Protestant and Jewish families in the middle to upper income brackets.

2) Cleveland Elementary School, Washington, D. C.
   District of Columbia Public Schools

   Cleveland School is an inner-city Washington school located in northwest Washington. The student population is Negro and represents lower income families.

3) Emery Elementary School, Washington, D. C.
   District of Columbia Public Schools

   Emery School is an inner-city Washington School located in northeast Washington. The student population is Negro and represents lower income families.

4) Simmons School is an inner-city Washington school located in northwest Washington. The student population is Negro and represents lower income families.

5) Waldon Woods Elementary School, Clinton, Maryland
Prince Georges County Public Schools

Waldon Woods is a newly-built elementary school located in a rural-suburban section of Prince Georges County. Its school population is approximately 90% white - 10% Negro. Most pupils come from middle class suburban or rural homes.

The Staff

The composition of the literature staff has undergone a significant change over the two-year period of the lab's existence.

Initially two CAREL staff members, Dr. John Bish and Mrs. Jeanette Amidon, in addition to consultants and writers Dr. Benjamin DeMott and Mrs. Maxine Kumin, comprised the in-house literature team. Mrs. Joanne Parker replaced Dr. Bish when he began work on another CAREL project. As it became apparent that the team needed more specialists in literature to work with the early childhood educators, two additional poets, Mrs. Lucille Clifton and Mr. Sam Cornish, became full time literature staff members.

Plans for the first year of the CAREL arts and humanities program were made in the spring of 1967, prior to the summer writing conference.

During the fall and winter of 1968 plans were modified to take into account what had been learned from the conference and from early work in the schools with the teachers who had attended that conference. Although only two teachers and one librarian worked with the literature program during the first part of the first year, by spring selection of seventeen additional teachers had been completed. These teachers then attended the spring 1968 series of workshops and participated fully in the program. A roster of all of the CAREL staff members, consultants and literature teachers may be found in Appendix A.

CHAPTER IV

Strategies and Pupil Response

The strategies devised by the CAREL team and those suggested by the core group of classroom teachers participating in the program chiefly involve using stories, poems and class discussion as a springboard for the expression of the children's own responses. By imagining or entering into the situations evoked by story/talk, children develop an awareness of their own experiences and become able to enter into the experiences of others. Such strategies seem consistent with the aim of the teacher dealing with literature as stated in the CAREL rationale -- the nurture of the imagination of his pupils.

Picture/talk, too, may be used to stimulate stories and poems. Other traditional as well as innovative methods are: letter writing to and/or from story characters, ending or altering the events of a story or poem, describing people, places or events of a story or poem. There are undoubtedly other techniques for eliciting responses that will occur to the classroom teacher.

The children's own lives, for instance, often provide material for discussion and response -- oral and written -- far beyond the average expectation of the teacher. If encouraged to do so, children will share and interpret both daily and unusual experiences, ranging from what they had for breakfast to living through a riot.

Sample Strategies

1) STORY/TALK

A strategy in which the story or poem is used as a springboard for getting the student to imagine or enter into human experience by writing, talking or acting out, and by pictures. He may imagine himself in the context of the story or poem, he may transport a character into his own environment, or he may not be bound by the context of the story at all.

A) Using a book as a springboard

Elmer: The Story of a Patchwork Elephant, by David McKee. New York, McGraw-Hill, 1968.

Elmer, the patchwork elephant, lives with his booming voice and sense of humor deep in the jungle. He is good to the rest of the elephants but he is troubled because he is different. He is colored. Rolling in berries, over and over, Elmer persists until he is the color of the other elephants. Going back to the herd he is just another elephant until it rains, and his patchwork emerges. As it rains and rains, the elephants begin to laugh, and it is such a good joke that they start an Elmer Day. On that day all elephants are colored -- except Elmer.

Strategies:

How does it feel to be different?

Talk about how Elmer feels.

How would you feel if you were Elmer?

How would Elmer feel in your school, neighborhood, home?

Write about what two of the other elephants might have said about Elmer. Why do they say these things?

Draw a picture of how Elmer wishes he looked.

Children's Writing:

A Conversation about Elmer
by Susan S.

Oh, hello Choo Char, have
heard about that check a chick
Elmer. He looks like a poke-a-dotted
giraffe under a tree. Or a patched
banana. That Elmer is something
else, I am telling you. Hey
where is that monkey, I sure
don't see him now. "Later"
Who in the world is that
elephant "said Choo Char?"
What will that Elmer
do next?

The Story of Elmer

IF I was Elmer and was dirffent
then the other elepheant I'd be sad
because they's call me name and talk
about me tell jokes to others about
me. And they wouldn't be kind to me.
The End by Karen
Green

IF I WAS AMIRM

I will feel said becaus
they will laugh at me and
I will feel very said. but
I would be ther friends
I would not call them
and I would not call them
color because they will be my
best freinds. if they would
Call me names I will not
Call them back a name

Paulette Williams 1 - 4

Jee do you know how it
feels to be diffdn. Let
me tell how it feels
to be diffden. I feel very
sad. All the eleafenan laugh
at me. I was born with
patches.*
Antoinette

*NOTE: Joseph Featherstone, in the New Republic, has described the British infants' school as having produced "a flowering of young children's literature in schools working with many kinds of teachers and children." Yet at the same time he notes that, "teachers don't pay much attention to accuracy or neatness," and further, "there seems, in fact, to be more attention paid to content than externals, such as punctuation, spelling and grammar."

It is our contention that there is a direct relationship between the quality of the content and the kind of attention paid to the externals. Children who must be actively aware of the techniques of their work can hardly be expected to be as concerned with its quality. Time after time a CAREL classroom teacher has marveled at the creativity of her "troublesome" student. Time after time the student who has consistently turned in the neat, "accepted" looking paper has also turned in to us a series of rather bookish cliches. It seems clear that there is little relationship between the "look" of learning and the "what" of it. Surely nothing stifles creativity as much as a child receiving his own heartfelt and heart thought work from his teacher filled with red markings.

John Holt, in an article in the Saturday Evening Post, has noted that red pencil seems to deny the whole style of the cognitive growth of the child. "A child learning to talk does not learn by being corrected all the time -- if corrected too much, he will stop talking. He compares, a thousand times a day, the difference between language as he uses it and as those around him use it. Bit by bit, he makes the necessary changes to make his language like other peoples. But in school we never give a child a chance to detect his mistakes, let alone correct them. We act as if we thought he would never notice a mistake unless it was pointed out to him, or correct it unless he was made to. Soon he becomes dependent on the expert". Mr. Holt's argument, that constant correcting defeats its own purpose, seems sound. As he states, "let the child learn what every educated person must someday learn, how to measure his own understanding, how to know what he knows or does not know."

We have consciously set aside our red pencils in our literature classes, and we have let the flowering begin.

Elmer

I will feel sad and feel bad and cry and then
I would go in the house and stay and when the night
comes i would run away.
I was a baby elephant i was red and orange and when
i got big i got red, orange, green, volet, blew,
black, wite, brown yellow and siver.

I would feel sad about being different
colers like yellow, white, green, black,
purple, orange, blue, and people were
laughing at me all the time.
This how I go to be different.
I was born different then other
People.

The End
By Alice Turner

Conversation about Elmer

By Dorothy G.

"Hey Sue come here." "What." "Have you seen Elmer today"? "No I haven't. "Why"". "Oh I was just wondering." Elmer disappeared this morning." "He's so funny looking every elephant laughs at him" "Hey! "Here he comes now" "Elmer where have you been"? "Have you been hiding so no elephants will laugh at you"? "For your information I have not been hiding". "Then where have you been"? Can't tell you"! "Good gravy"! What have you done to your self"? "I dyed my self gray like the other elephants". "How did you do it"? I can't tell you". "We liked you better the way you were". "Then why did you say I was funny looking"? "what ever gave you a thought like that"? "I heard you talking to elephant Becky and Charlene" "We are sorry"

The End

My Story

I feel good being another color because I would not look like twins and when my freinds come to see me they would no come to another elfhenpt My mother crew up with diffdren color and thin I crew up with diffdren

Cheryle
Tilghman

Conversation about Elmer

by Michael W.

Well hear we are in the jungle and look at Elmer. That funny elephant why won't he change his coloers But if he does that we won't laugh any more. I don't like Elmer. Lets get rid of Elmer. On saturday morning Elemer was gone.

Conversation About Elmer

By Becky H.

Oh said Dorothy the elephant here comes that Elmer. Paul said let's get out of here. That old Elmer realy makes me sick said Dorothy the elephant. This morning I was waking up when that Elmer appeared in front of my eyes. He almost scared me out of my skin. Hi! said Elmer. Well we mays well give up he follows us everywhere.

The End

B) Using a poem as a springboard

Poem - "Song for the Front Yard" by Gwendolyn Brooks from I Am the Darker Brother, A. Adoff. New York, Macmillan, 1968.

A little girl, obviously Negro, obviously poor, obviously trying to be "good", wants to go and watch the "charity children" play and join them in a world that seems free and "fine".

Strategies:

Talk about what you would see if you were the little girl and went into the backyard anyway.

Write about why you don't want your little girl to go into the backyard.

Draw a picture of the girl's backyard; of your backyard.

Children's writing:

The Girl in the Back Yard

One day there was a little girl that never looked at the back yard. After lunch she asked her mother if she could go in the backyard.Her mother yelled "No!" She started crying. One day her mother said she was going to the store. So the girl went in the back yard, painted her face and grew up to be a hippy.

The End
by Rita

The Girl in the Backyard

Once there was a girl who lived in the frontyard, but she wanted to go in the backyard. One day she went in the backyard. There was a overgrown elephant.

John

The Girl in The Back Yard

Well, she went in the back yard and guess what she saw a man eating plant she ran in the house saying help, help, help, and then she got spanked.

David Dean

The girl who wanted to go in back yard

by Jeff

a girl wanted to go in the backyard but her mother would not let her go in the back yard. one day the little girl just had to see what was in the back yard and a alligator bit her arm off and the mother herd it and spanked the alligator he was sad. the little girl was taken to the hospital but she dead anyway.

It was night the girl could not sleep so she got out of bed and got a flashlight then she went outside she heard sumthing! it was loud! ! she opened the gate and seh saw dab gieses!!!! the were recking up her mother's garden BUT!! fornchihentlee she took krotee and the dab gies did not know it and she started to kortee Help!

Ouch!

Ouch!

Help thats smarts!

OOOOOOOuCH!!

Well that takes care of that!!!!

Susan

2) PICTURE/TALK

Strategy in which picture/talk, story/talk and word association are used to elicit poetry from students.

Peter's Chair by Ezra Jack Keats. New York, Harper & Row, 1967.

Peter, a small boy, feels he is being replaced in the family by a new baby sister. Both the story and pictures of this book about a child getting used to a new baby in the house were used in our schools. Sometimes we read the story and asked children to write their version of Peter's experience; at other times we used only the picutres, and asked for words or stories based on the drawings. In the example here the teacher used pictures to get oral responses from the children.

Strategy and Technique:

Teacher: (Showing two pictures from Peter's Chair) Why is Peter looking at the chair?

Children: Cause he wants it.

He is gonna sit in it - I was right!

It gonna break.

The alligator's going to fall off.

I was not right.

He ain't sit down in it.

That his other right there.

Teacher: What did his mother say?

Children: Not to sit down in it anymore.

Not to play with it any more cause it might break.

It is too little for him.

In this example the teacher used picutres to get written responses.

The wall is red and bonw
The chair is big.
it fell.

The dog is happy.
He's mother is there.

He's in the room.

He is too!

Beach Before Breakfast, by Maxine Kumin, illustrated by Leonard Weisgard.
New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1964.

"Tomorrow when I lean over your bed in silence, to wake you without waking the others. In the dark room when it is still morning, and the house keep still with sleep, and you put on your jeans, rabbits move through the grass.

Reaching under the porch, I pick up the bucket and the rake, and we start for the beach."

This is the mood for a rather warm and delightful travelogue by Mrs. Kumin about a child's discovery of life on the beach during a summer vacation.

At times we used the pictures and at other times pictures and story to create interesting moods for the children, enabling them to create their own version of a similar summer morning. The children worked well with this story, without ever having gone to a beach or having a cabin to share with their family. Mrs. Kumin's narrative makes the experience a delightfully vivid one, and most important, by the time the story is finished, a common one that could happen to any of us.

The following selections are a result of the picture story exercise.

The beach befor
it is children on the beach
shells look white in the water
sea is blue in the morning
birds are flying in the night
plants are very little in the water
a boy is in
lamp
talbe
blanket
house
tree
rocks
shark
boy
man
boat
waves

you might drown
night time
day time
at the beach
look at the water

ships

THE BIRDS

yr brd
white shells
log just
he is at shore

I see a girl and a boy
shells a table and a lamp, steps and a porth.
A bench
I see a beach
I see a beach
I see sand and water
A boy
A boat on shore

3) LIFE/TALK

A strategy in which children are encouraged to write or talk about events in their own lives.

Sam Cornish says, "How Does a Poem Mean? is both the title of a book by Ciardi and the question asked when anyone reads one of my poems. They encounter no rhyme (music) images or what they take to be the personal I. You might say they become hung up in their education, in the poems of the classroom: Browning, Bill Shakespeare and the others, the tired rhymes we march through in school, the verse in the Atlantic calculated to fill a page and the few volumes published yearly by the commercial press. This is how we encounter poetry. This is not, however, how poetry is but how poetry is used; and how poetry is used becomes poems as we know them. Nothing you want to read, is it? No, and I don't blame you!

"These are poems by children in the first grade. They do not always succeed on our terms, but they are not meant to. Instead, these poems are a way of knowing, a use of the imagination and of feeling. They show us detail we may have overlooked, the relation between that detail and experience and how this is a part of a larger reality. These children are speaking to their teacher on paper about a riot, a disturbance that took place in their neighborhood which was frightening. In any other school, in any other classroom, their thoughts might have been buried in them for a number of reasons: the inability to spell or to hold a thought, or because of the heaviness in their hands as they wrote. They did it, though, and as children they speak to us. Through their eyes, we enter into our own experience.

"Mrs. Bridge, their teacher, is not a person who makes it to the suburban school or who becomes a principal somewhere -- there is something dangerous about her. It may be the clothes she wears or the sense of life that comes through in spite of her being American and caught in a white world. She lives, and this love of being alive, both in the things she wears and says, comes through to the children. If they write at all, it is because they think their teacher is "nice."

"Struggle with the writing and spelling and try to find what is being said. In their minds, find something that is possible in your own."

Freddie -

My Story

Teargas
Yesterday Nigt They threw it

Daryl - Grade 2

a fire start on h st

Charlene - Grade 2

My Story

A hlikptar thru teargas.

Joyce -

A riot came Yesterday

Kenneth - Grade 2

a boy thru a rock at a truk and a man
was in It too an the rock wat he thru
the truk an they start to an they ran
away

George - Grade 2

Six policemen was shooting tear gas.
The gang of boy threw Rock at them.
then the plice wagow came.

Kevin - Grade 2

The wild things came to town
they brok in to the Store

Michele - Grade 2

the policemen came around the corner
and had a flat tire

Rachel - Grade 2

Some boys came to Tops.
A boy said 'come: on man.
I will get the policman.
Look here come's the policman.

Essie - Grade 2

three policemen tk
bd PePl to jail

Thedore -

Three BgB Broke
A BgB window
A BgB dor
A gnag BgB

Wanda - Grade 2

The boy thru a rok
at the policeman

Lin - Grade 2

The somedy brok my
store window

Catherine - Grade 2

Six policemen
tear gas do Bite
ten, children is in the
street

Phonic Daring

The following list of misspelled words which have been used by young children in the CAREL literature program illustrates an ability of children to communicate with other children and with adults in writing even when they do not know the correct spelling of a word. The children have not had to have their train of thought interrupted by stopping to look up or ask for the proper spelling of a word. If it seems that the children are daring to spell words the way they sound, it is really perhaps the teachers who have been "daring" in allowing children to go ahead on their own and have not red pencilled the resulting free-flowing stories.

The ITA approach to the teaching of beginning reading of our difficult and often unphonetic English language uses word spellings which are often not unlike the ones used by children when they are unhampered in their writing.

1. amadetly (immediately)
2. asasanated (assasinated)
3. axadent (accident)
4. bandeches (bandages)
5. brane walsh (brainwash)
6. buityful (beautiful)
7. cheas, cheze (cheese)
8. chere (chair)
9. crokadieal (crocodile)
10. cussents (cousins)
11. dab gieses (bad guys)
12. dascufer (discover)
13. diphrent (different)
14. disafal (just awful)
15. first nashnle banik (first national bank)
16. fornchihently (fortunately)
17. fring pan (frying pan)
18. gigoes (G. I. Joes)
19. goning (going)
20. hlikptar (helicopter)
21. hommgry (hungry)
22. ifle tower (Eiffel Tower)
23. inlet's (unless)
24. jiusy stake (juicy steak)
25. juils (jewels)
26. knowone (no one)
27. krotee (karate)
28. lighk (like)
29. luit (loot)
30. luv (love)
31. millyunnur (millionaire)
32. night close (night clothes)
33. pepl (people)
34. plicman (policeman)
35. saml (smell)
36. seagle, seegle, seegul (sea gull)
37. sitty (city)
38. some botty (somebody)
39. teaz (tease)
40. terable (terrible)
41. touer (tower)
42. wochis (watches)

CHAPTER V

Evaluation

It is difficult to evaluate the results of the literature program without falling back on subjective opinion. Our goals don't lend themselves to the kinds of objective evaluation procedures that are sensible in more traditional language arts programs. It's possible, though, that if the program were continued over a substantial period of time, with significant continuities of teachers and children, more vivid and perhaps more objective techniques for assessing growth might be achieved. Our one year of work has necessarily been devoted to trying out procedures, abandoning some, adding others, solving problems of staff and participating schools. We have in hand at the moment:

- A vast body of the children's own written work gathered over the period of 1968-69 school year.
- Transcripts of tapes made in the classroom.
- Written and oral evaluations by the classroom teachers of the CAREL literature program and of their own evolving attitudes.
- CAREL staff evaluations of the effectiveness of the literature program.
- Transcripts of the tapes of the teachers' workshops held over a period of 18 months.

And on the basis of these materials some exciting, although speculative conclusions can be drawn. We observe a marked increase in the length of student compositions, a less sentimental, more spontaneous and vigorous use of language, a great deal of phonic daring (children feel free to tackle words they do not know how to spell), a more direct identification of and participation in the kind of creative imagining that is described in the rationale as compared with the work that was done before the inception of this program. Children were freed from the constriction of rigidly rhymed poems and produced free, evocative poems of their own. They sumbitted a good deal of unsolicited material done on their own time, both in and out of class. Their joy and enthusiasm for entering into the creative process are clearly evident in their written and oral work. They also wrote freely for the first time about their own lives, home environment and personal feelings. All work was accepted in its original form whether written or oral. The more apparent it became that there were to be no constraints or corrections, the more honest, seemingly, material became.

In several instances, furthermore, tapes were made of the oral interaction between the children and visiting specialists and consultants in the classroom. From these we drew the same kinds of conclusions that apply to the written work, particularly in terms of the children's expressing honest feeling, reacting clearly to hypothetical situations and openly participating in the discussion. Because no oral corrections were made in the children's speech patterns and because all responses were accepted with equanimity, and because their material was being either recorded or taped, the children responded enthusiastically. They treated one another's productions with respect and there was an observable growth in their good feeling about their own work as well.

As for teachers' evaluations of the literature program and of their own development; these are revealing and interesting. In general, their responses were positive. Most came to see story time in a very different light, and learned to use it as a jumping off place for all kinds of free expression. They moved from the traditional apporach of using a story as a passive, end-of-the-day activity to an active, participatory, involved opening out of feeling, imagining and creating. Some stated that the new story/talk approach encouraged the children to reveal their lives and their feelings to a heretofore unheard-of degree, thereby deepening the teachers' understanding of their indivdiual children. Even though there were pockets of resistance throughout the program to what they felt was an unstructured, non-pedagogical approach to literature, the teachers' own final evaluations indicated that they had by and large been heartened by the results of the new method. None reported, for instance, any regression in formal skills (spelling, grammar, etc.) In fact, virtually all teachers reported that the children had gained in these areas as well as in self-expression and confidence in their writing ability. Time and time again, the teachers reported self-critically that they felt they had grown more insightful and more empathetic in their roles. In speaking of the workshops held at CAREL, the teachers focused mostly on the value of the interchange of ideas that took place there. These came to be known as "teacher talk-ins" and "telling it like it is." Many teachers mentioned the value they derived from visiting one another's classrooms and suggested they would like further exchanges in the future.

What was especially striking to the staff were some significant changes in the atmosphere of many of the classrooms that appeared to owe much to the institution of the literature program. There were more changes in those schools in which (1) the literature program had been in effect for two years and (2) in those schools in which several teachers were a part of the CAREL program - evidence of the reinforcing effect that the teachers have on one another and, as a group, on their principals and supervisors. In individual instances we observed:

- The posting of uncorrected original work in the halls and on the classroom bulletin boards, in many cases replacing the stereotyped mimeographed seat work of the past.

- Teachers' informal groupings of children for story-talk, such as those demonstrated by staff in classroom visits.

- Teachers permitting and encouraging open response by children as opposed to traditional recitation.

- Teachers allowing and even encouraging physical and empathetic response to story material, as demonstrated by staff.

- Books and children's own written material not just on display, but freely available on tables in classroom.

- Increase in freedom of movement and talk between children and decrease in structural situations.

- Evidence of more and varied use of books.

- Teachers using not only CAREL strategies but others of their own devising.

- Observable pleasure of children.

And within the teacher workshops, the CAREL staff observed an increase of talk on the part of the teachers and an ever growing openness of subject matter. An ancillary effect of the workshops was a deepening interchange among teachers from varied backgrounds and a broad variety of schools. Inner city, parochial and suburban school teachers were ultimately able to discuss freely their feelings about race, socio-economic levels and how to elicit these equally open discussions from their children. Such problems as how to use a book about black children in a white community and vice versa, how far to go in accepting or modifying the children's own language patterns, how to go about heightening an insecure child's self-image and how to deal with home-reflected problems were all topics for discussion. There was an increased willingness to share materials produced by their children, to exchange useful books and story ideas, to try out one another's strategies and to criticize strategies that had not worked. Teachers were even finally willing to undertake writing assignments similar to those given the children and to treat with good humor and self criticism the results. All seemed to feel that this deepened their understanding of the children's creative processes.

Two further points: the essentials of a sound evaluation program for projects like ours seem to us to be the following:

1. A consistent and systematic approach toward collecting written material (classroom work by children) from all teachers involved in the program.

2. A systematic provision for collection of evaluative material from all teachers.

3. A continuing collation and analysis of both children's and teachers' material as it is received.

4. Regularly scheduled in-class visits by specialists and consultants and prompt filing of reports of same.

5. The devising of a structured method for measuring growth in terms of certain visible objective criteria such as: story length, sentence length, variety and vividness of word use, phonic daring.

And finally, some reflections on our findings concerning teacher-performance. We have been asking ourselves, Is there one common underlying ingredient that can be identified in the "good" teachers as opposed to the less successful ones? Is a "good" teacher as defined by CAREL the same as a "good" teacher as defined by the school system or even other teachers.

Looking at our own teachers we have found a surprising diversity among the good ones. They range from nuns to veterans of the inner city schools; from white suburban middle class to Negro middle class moderates.

The one common ingredient seems to be a healthy self-acceptance that in turn enables such a teacher to accept whatever material she elicits from her children. Teachers who have for some reason or other come to grips with who they are and where they fit into the world seem most able to accept the separate identities of their children. These teachers do not feel sorry for children; they accept the child as the child accepts himself, as a self, with all of the potential that implies.

Some of our teachers who started with the literature program thinking of their students as, in their own words, "stunted", "deprived", now are able to understand the great creativity and imaginative gifts of their children. They have seen objectively over the year how their kids' inability to communicate is in fact their refusal -- conscious or otherwise -- to communicate. We observe that an inner city child, by the time he is seven years old, already knows who his enemies are, but he is still open enough to recognize a friend, given the right signal. The right signal is precisely this acceptance of himself as a person with dignity and value. The teacher who is at home in herself and secure in her role can give the child this strong sense of himself and receive in return the outflow of his creative energy.

The teachers' evaluations of the worth of the program seem to bear out this single point. They say again and again that the program served as a kind of permission to let down the barriers, elicit all kinds of verbal material without ever having to pass judgment on it; to put away the criteria of spelling and grammar and let the words and ideas come through. One of our language arts specialists wrote: "Participation and imaginations showed an amazing increase as even the more retiring children participated." A nun said, "The children were thrilled that they were free to express their thoughts in any way they wished to." A suburban teacher commented, "Their outlooks are expanded -- they look at poetry and pictures with interest. It still amazes them to be able to write without worrying about grammar, spelling, etc.!" Further, she wrote, "They adore the idea that everything they do is right."

From an inner city teacher: "Before the program I thought I was very open minded and accepting with the children but I discovered I could be much more so, and this enabled me to "hear" much more from the children; i.e., I learned more about "the child", his desires, needs, experiences; and those abilities not necessarily acedemic . . . It's easy for me to leave the spoken language as is but sometimes difficult to accept poor written work. But I am being rewarded in terms of the child's unhampered involvement; his good feeling which in itself makes for so many good things."

Since it would seem that a good teacher, as defined by the school system or by other teachers, would be one who keeps order and presents in a logical sequence the required curriculum, the CAREL definition may often (but not necessarily) be at odds with the Establishment definition.

CHAPTER VI

Recommendations

The process of developing the CAREL program has been evolutionary. The program as it now exists bears small resemblance to the one that was conceived originally. This is as it should be. Changes of focus have come about with changes in staff and with increasing experience in developing curriculum plans.

Because the literature staff is firmly committed to flexibility, we weren't eager to devise definitive guidelines for our own or other programs' future. We do agree that poets, writers, teachers and children are the indispensable figures in the development of programs like ours. We agree that teacher preparation, including workshops and classroom demonstrations by those who practice the art of writing, is essential. We can see advantages in summer workshop programs, in more regular attempts to introduce role-playing in classroom situations, in any schemes that would enable teachers to read more widely in the area of literature -- both adult and children's literature.

But if there is one single recommendation that we would take to be primary for future programs like ours, it would be this: seek a varied staff, different tones and styles and manners of selfhood. As one of the team noted, "Barriers in education, race and sex can be overcome. It is necessary to have the other viewpoint, and to have range in character, in order to speak to Negro teachers and students as well as to whites, on our themes. We are trying to widen experience and understanding of experience. The face of a Negro, the drop out, the man who is not a smooth professional, is itself an experience -- something to be understood. To the blacks it is a reminder that the possibilities in themselves are real because he, the Negro doupout, is there working and alive in front of them; to the whites it is another kind of challenge to understanding. The purpose of literature programs like ours is to provide precisely this kind of challenge, thereafter showing the degree to which poems and stories and the pupil's own words can become means of meeting the challenge. There are numberless ways of creating challenges: we believe that perhaps the surest way, in programs like ours, is through the freshness, variety -- the human difference -- in the staff itself.

APPENDIX A, PART I

CAREL Staff

Dr. Benjamin DeMott - chairman, English Department, Amherst College; critic, essayist, novelist. Literature Team Director.

Mrs. Jeanette Amidon - classroom teacher.

Mrs. Lucille Clifton - poet.

Mr. Sam Cornish - poet.

Mrs. Maxine Kumin - formerly lecturer in English at Tufts University; novelist, children's author, poet.

CAREL Visiting Consultants

Miss Patricia Waters - Assistant Professor, Towson State College, Towson, Md. participant in CAREL Summer Conference, 1967.

Miss Isabel Wilner - Assistant Professor, Towson State College, Towson, Md., Librarian, Lida Lee Tall School, Towson, Md., participant in CAREL Summer Conference, 1967.

Mr. Larry Neal - poet, member of Teachers and Writers Collaborative, New York.

Mrs. Karla Kuskin - author and illustrator of stories and poetry for children, participant in CAREL Summer Conference, 1967.

First Year Teacher Participants

Classroom Teachers

Mrs. Roberta W. Dodd
Mrs. Geneva B. Greene
Mrs. Patricia Griffin
Mrs. Ann Gochnauer
Mrs. Ethel E. Gold
Miss Vera E. Hallums
Mrs. Dorothy H. Harrell
Mr. McClay Ivey
Mrs. Bettie L. Johnson
Mrs. Doris H. Lee
Sister Ann
Sister Eleanor Therese
Sister Joan Maureen
Sister Mary Julie
Miss Yvonne Thorne
Mr. William H. Spellman
Mrs. Nancy M. Wagner
Miss Patricia Waters
Miss Isabel Wilner
Mrs. Jean Wright

Second Year Teacher Participants

Classroom Teachers

Miss Barbara Coleman
Mrs. Roberta W. Dodd
Mrs. Ella Evans
Mrs. Dorothy H. Harrell
Mrs. Bettie L. Johnson
Miss Elisabeth Jones
Mrs. Edwina Love
Mrs. Margaret Mahaffey
Sister Ann
Sister Eleanor Therese
Sister Joan Eileen
Sister Joan Maureen
Sister Mary Julie
Mrs. Margaret Shorter
Mrs. Nancy M. Wagner

Language Arts Teachers

Mrs. Florence Duke
Mrs. Beverly Hummell
Mrs. Katherine Wheeler

Participating Schools

Accokeek Elementary School, Accokeek, Maryland, Prince Georges County Public School.

Principal: Mr. Milton Steinbaum
Grades: Kindergarten - 6
No. of students in school: 415
No. of classroom teachers in school: 13
Average class size: 32
No. of teachers attending workshop: 2 (first year)

The Hill School, Middleburg, Va. Private School.

Headmaster: Mr. Waring Gillespie
Headmistress of Lower School: Miss Ann Gochnauer
Grades: 1-8
No. of students: 107
Grades 1-5: one class at each level with 1 classroom teacher
Grades 6-8: departmentalized, 4 teachers
Average Class Size: 14
No. of teachers participating in workshop: 2 (first year)

Madison School, Washington, D. C. Public School.

Principal: Mrs. Deloris H. Zucker
Grades: 1-6
No. of students in school: 279
No. of class room teachers in school: 9
Average class size: 33
No. of teachers attending workshop: 9 (first year), 4 (second year)

St. Martin's School, Catholic Archdiocese of Washington, D. C.

Principal: Sister Therese Aloysius
No. of students in school: 278
Grades in school: K-6
No. of classroom teachers: 12

The St. Martin's school is divided into upper and lower schools. The CAREL project in literature worked with the lower school which is an ungraded series of class levels.

In the lower school the population is as follows:
No. of students: 160
No. of classroom teachers: 5
No of teachers attending workshop: 4 (first year), 5 (second year)

Burning Tree Elementary School, Bethesda, Maryland. Montgomery County Public School.

Principal: Thomas Lee Poore
Grades: Kindergarten - 6
No. of students in school: 470
No. of classroom teachers in school: 17
Average class size: 25
No. of teachers attending workshop: 2 (second year)

Cleveland Elementary School, Washing, D. C. Public School

Principal: Mrs. Marie D. Perry
Grades: Kindergarten - 6
No. of students in school: 504
No. of classroom teachers: 20
Average class size: 25
No. of teachers attending workshop: 1 language arts teacher (second year)

Emery Elementary School, Washington, D. C. Public School

Principal: Mr. Frederick P. Baluch
Grades: Kindergarten - 6
No. of students in school: 1053
No. of classroom teachers in school: 44
No. of teachers attending workshop: 2 classroom teachers,
1 language arts teacher (second year)

Simmons Elementary School, Washington, D. C. Public School

Principal: Mrs. Etta I. Drayton
Grades: Kindergarten - 6
No. of students in school: 569
No. of classroom teachers in school: 23
Average class size: 25
No. of teachers attending workshop: 1 language arts teacher (second year)

Waldon Woods Elementary School, Clinton, Maryland. Prince Georges County Public School.

Principal: Mr. Milton Steinbaum
Grades: Kindergarten - 6
No. of students in school: 285
No. of classroom teachers in school: 11
Average class size: 25
No. of teachers attending workshop: 2 (second year)

APPENDIX A, PART II

CAREL Staff Reports of School Demonstrations

Sample A:

October 9, 1968

In Mrs. A's room we read some excerpts from Paul Bunyan, this time focusing on the realistic and the fantastic elements in the story. One boy suggested that nothing is impossible for man. He gave an example that men can now fly in space suits and go anywhere, even though, as the kid next to him had pointed out, man can't fly by himself. Somebody else said that man would probably figure this out, too, one day and everybody would have wings to go around with. Babe, the Blue Ox, was a great success, partly because I asked them to moo the way Babe does to unjam the logs in the river. Also the fantastic descriptions of Babe's size were appealing. So was the idea of blue snow, blue milk, etc. We will write on this theme: "If I were a hero, I would..."

We used the same format in Mrs. B's room. She was absent on other business, but her kids are the easiest group in the school to work with. Some of the kids were in the midst of some art work which they obviously didn't want to leave, so I suggested that anybody who wanted to do story talk could just come in a little closer with his chair. Unlike some of the other rooms, these kids can gather themselves into a group without any fuss. We covered much the same ground, but the kids are simply more turned on. Response to the hero idea brought forth a rash of bignesses. Kids said they would build a house, hospital, capitol, monument; one little girl whose father is a minister said she would build him a new church. One kid would build a camp for children to go to and one said with considerable feeling that if she were a hero she would build a giant playground for every kid in the world.

In Mrs. C's class we decided to use Let's Be Enemies as a followup to the Ferdinand story. Mrs. C was also absent. It turned out that almost all the kids had read the story last year, but we read it through for the fun of it and then tried to act out parts of it at the front of the room. One of two things was going on. Either this was the first time these kids had ever been invited to do any improvisational activity or the story was too close to their own experience for them to be able to deal with it freely. It was pretty apparent that they loved what they were doing - audience participation was almost overwhelming - but when they go on stage, they just froze up. The best they could do was to repeat key lines from the story which they did with great facial expression, much feeling and body English. About half the class got a chance to act. They especially liked being assigned names for their parts, but even being named something else wasn't freeing enough to enable them to invent any new dialogue. Two boys enacted a fight on stage which looked mighty real, and when I jumped in to pull them apart, they were really great about reassuring me that it was play fighting. In a way this session was a complete failure because the kids were inarticulate to begin with and inarticulate at the end. But something certainly was going on, and I have the feeling that we ought to go in there again with something less real and less threatening and try some further improvisation.

Sample B:

October 23, 1968

In the school, Jeanette and I were rather uncomfortably aware that, with our arms full of books, we had entered like ladies bountiful and had been handled like celebrities, which makes it extremely hard to function well in the classrooms. Maybe from now on, whites ought not to enter a black school. We should split up and go one black, one white or else no whites. This principal seems to me to be uncomfortable by the use of the word "black", although she did take us all around the school to see how the neighborhood had been bombed out last April.

I realized during these sessions that I am changing the kids' grammar when I repeat what they tell me. It isn't really a conscious change, but I think we ought to talk about this. In view of what we are trying to do, I think maybe it would be better if the teachers heard me repeat directly what the kids say so they can stop cringing over double negatives. I wonder what the rest of the team is doing.

Some "I wish" daydreams that we recorded:
"I wish I was a fairy."
"I wish that I was a millionaire."
"I wish that I could die so I won't have to clean up." (this was a girl)
(a boy responds) "If you wished you could die, dying wouldn't be any good."
"I wish I were just getting married."

Talking about how sad and mad you feel when punished, a boy said: "Sometimes you just frown up."

Of the monsters, kids said: "He's looking for a little girl so he could eat her up." "It looks just like when it's Hallowe'en." "It (one monster) looks like a werewolf."

Asked to put their heads down and look for a daydream inseid their eyes:
"I saw clouds looking in my eyes."
"I dreamed that I was a bird and I could fly."
"I wished I was in heaven."

Teacher Report of CAREL Staff Demonstration

Sample A:

October 9, 1968

The most effective part of this presentation seemed to be the way Ben DeMott was able to get the whole class involved in Let's Be Enemies by starting with the discussion of why you fight. Everyone wanted to contribute.

As a follow-up the class and I (or I) have used it often when there is fighting over who gets the best truck, who gets to be first in line. The humor of it has eased several fierce moments.

I have some questions about how you give everybody an opportunity to contribute to the discussion who wants to without prolonging it to boredom. Or if you don't give everyone an opportunity, do the quiet ones who really need to learn to express themselves ever get heard? The most articulate ones were the ones who were heard in this presentation - and if you keep stopping in the middle of a story to relate it to the children, don't they lose the thread of the story - or isn't this important?

Sample B:

October 22, 1968

I am not sure that I approve of . . . "the unbridled emotion that some children show though through discussion I understand it."

I would like to know more . . . "about stimulating creative poetry."

I like . . . "the 'jotting down' and duplicating of children's responses; the 'projection' of what could have happened after the poem ended."

Teacher Reports of Classroom Literature Activities

Sample A:

April 15, 1969

Fenton - Big Yellow Balloon

Before the story, I brought in and blew up a round yellow balloon, which of course drew their attention. I asked them what they thought it looked like - and after they realized I wanted them to "pretend", it looked like "butter", "a yellow flower" and then, of course, the "sun."

Then I read the story. They loved the pictures with everyone joining the procession.

Afterward we acted out the story, having to stop each time to look at the book to see if we had everyone in the right order. We did use some license and had several boys, cats, ladies etc., so everyone could join in (even my shy, withdrawn ones did).

Sample B:

October 15, 1968

We worked with Sam's poetry and had great success and enthusiasm.

First I wrote the poem about the mouse up on the board. We talked about the way it was written (up and down, i, cld.). We talked about why Sam might have written the poem that way.

Then we imagined ourselves being mice and talked about it. I then had them put their responses down on paper in a poem. I have them attached.

We then read and talked about the poem with the kittens under the sink. The impressions the poem left and images created varied.

1. One thought of the kittens washing the dishes.
2. One boy thought of the kittens curled up under the sink in a basket listening to the water running.
3. One girl thought of the pipes leaking on kittens so must wash slowly.
4. One girl thought of kittens trying to sleep so water was run slowly so as not to make too much noise.

We read the poem about the bouncing ball and asked for images created.

1. Ghost bouncing the ball.
2. Ball bouncing away from child, and how it bounces, rolls, then stops.
3. A little elf inside the ball making it bounce.
4. A ball that was alive and taking a walk.

The children loved this poetry session and are quite eager to do more.

Final Evaluation Form

Sample A:

June 12, 1968

1. What is your opinion of the literature rationale?

On first reading I seriously questioned the chief aim of the language arts teacher: "the nurture of the imagination of the child". But on reflection and in light of Ben DeMott's talks as well as the other lectures - I have come to believe that this is just another way of putting one of the basic tenets of our philosophy of education - i.e. that learning only occurs when something happens inside the learner, when "the facts" of education come into the "meaning" world of the child - for this, imagination is needed - and so the need for "nurturing the imagination" by story, poem and all the other means at our command - It is especially true for learning "to love our neighbor as ourself".

2. Has your teaching changed as a result of your participation in the CAREL literature program? In what way?

I think CAREL has put the accent back on the Language Arts in my teaching - this is always a Primary Subject in any primary grade but this year I have been more sensitive to the flower power of books, poems, dramatizing and writing stories.

3. Of all the activities (meetings at CAREL, classroom visitors, etc.) which had the most impact on your teaching?

It is hard to analyze just why one is enthralled, captivated by the beauty of a flower - color, texture, perfume, delicacy, shape all add a different depth to the experience - so too, the meetings, the visits, the new contacts enabled me to help my children in a new and I believe a better way. Personally, I loved meeting the authors; I have always had a secret longing to write.

4. Of the teaching ideas suggested, which ones did you find most helpful?

I believe it was Ben DeMott's idea about asking the children to enter into the thoughts, feelings and actions of the characters - we did this on a much larger scale than I ever thought possible with kindergarten children.

5. Which other ideas have you tried? How did they work?

We tried Larry Neal's "Sound Poems". It was lots of fun but I'm glad I didn't have an audience. We did a lot more "Telling It Like It Was" - I used to spend too much time polishing the children's thoughts and speech. Most of all we just "enjoyed" our literature a lot more.

6. About how much time have you been spending on literature?

At least half an hour a day - many times an hour or more.

7. How did you fit the literature activities into your school day?

Since the kindergarten schedule is such a flexible one, I had no problem; and since all our work should have unity and spring from a central plan, we drew our stories, wrote new endings; learned to listen more attentively; acted out the stories, compared them and even danced some of them.

8. What suggestions would you have for another workshop of this kind?

It should be earlier in the year - things get so rushed towards the end. Perhaps the various speakers could use a Demonstration Class with a discussion afterwards! Lots of times the visits were not near a meeting and you couldn't get a variety of responses about the children's reaction. Ideally, the demonstration should be through a one-way glass so the audience wouldn't spoil the spontaneity.

Actually, I enjoyed having it "the way it was".

Sample B:

March 1969

1. Has your teaching changed as a result of your participation in the CAREL literature program? In what way?

Yes, I believe some aspects of my teaching have changed since CAREL participation; for one thing I believe that my Language Arts Program has become more creative both in the way I handle the subject and the way the children respond - this is because I have become less structured in my demands on the children as a result of the various suggestions made by the CAREL Team as well as the very enlightening teacher "talk-ins". By being less structured I mean I endeavor to have the children "Tell it like it is" rather than have them put down thoughts in what appeared to me as a logical style.

2. Of all the activities (meetings at CAREL, classroom visitors, etc.) which had the most impact on your teaching?

I think all the various aspects of the Program combined to really have an impact on my teaching - an idea that was thrown out at us at one of the lectures was usually implemented in the following classroom visit and then further discussed at the next meeting.

3. Of the teaching ideas suggested, which ones did you find most helpful?

I had formerly considered Literature as an end it itself - that is I would read a book to the class for their enjoyment and hope that this would stimulate them with a desire to read. Now, books, poems, etc. are but a jumping off place for disucssing, writing, drawing.

4. Which other ideas have you tried? How did they work?

I think the books which we have used in the CAREL program have been excellent in stimulating thought about themselves - many of the ideas I have tried have referred the children to their own way of life, making them reflect on this; they have stimulated discussion about their own values, their own lives and hopefully have given them a better self-image. I know that I feel that I know the children better because of their creative writings.

5. About how much time have you been spending on literature?

At the very least a half hour a day and many times more, because the ideas fostered in the Language Art program were developed at other times.

6. How did you fit the literature activities into your school day?

Our program calls for a strong Language Arts program so the Literature was most often used as a springboard for this period - also when I was busy with one reading group the other group completed their drawings or stories.

7. What suggestions would you have for another workshop of this kind?

Besides the lectures, shop talk and classroom visiting, it might work out well if the participants could do some inter-school visiting, watching either the CAREL Team or other teachers with their pupils.

APPENDIX B

HOW WE SELECTED OUR BOOKS

The books used by teachers in the CAREL Literature program were chosen by the staff primarily on the basis of projected ability to facilitate the primary purpose of the program as stated in the rationale: to nurture the imagination of the pupils - to assist them in gaining insight into "what it's like to be me" and "what it's like to be you."

Traditional methods of evaluating quality in children's books were not ignored; that is the staff did take into consideration the quality and appropriateness of the illustrations, and such things as strength of theme and liveliness of plot, etc.

Emphasis, however, continued to be on the purpose for which the book was being used. In certain instances, books which contained rather mediocre writing but imaginative pictures were chosen and perhaps used for illustrations alone. Books which the staff as teachers have found lead to discussions about "why a person would do such and such a thing" or "when I've had something like that happen to me" were in some cases substituted for award-winning books which critics believe to be "enchanting", "charming" or "beautifully told." Teachers have been asked not only about books they have enjoyed but about the ones children remember and ask for.

Because expansion of the child's range of verbal experience is an integral part of the development of his imagination, we have looked for books which not only invite talk by pupils but also contain samples of language used in an honest, straightforward and often interesting or unusual way.

Bibliography: Books Used With Children in the CAREL Literature Program

A B C by Bruno Munari; World Publishing Co. Cleveland, New York, 1960

The Adventures of Tommy by H. G. Wells; Alfred A. Knopf. New York

Alexander Soames: His Poems by Karla Kuskin; Harper & Row. New York, 1962

All the Silver Pennies edited by Blanche Jennings Thompson; illus. by Ursula Arndt; Macmillan Co. New York, 1967

An Anteater Named Arthur by Bernard Waber; Houghton Mifflin Co. Boston, 1967

Anatole by Eve Titus; illus. by Paul Galdone; McGraw-Hill Book Company. New York, 1956

And to Think that I Saw It on Mulberry Street by Dr. Seuss; The Vanguard Press. New York, 1937

Andy and the Lion by James Daugherty; The Viking Press. New York, 1938

Angus and the Ducks by Marjorie Flack; Doubleday & Company, Inc. Garden City, New York, 1930

The Animal Family by Randall Jarrell, illus. by Maurice Sendak; Pantheon Books. 1965

Aunt Agatha, There's a Lion Under the Couch! by Wende and Harry Devlin; D. Van Nostrand Co., Inc. Princeton, New Jersey, 1968

The Bat-Poet by Randall Jarrell; illus. by Maurice Sendak; Macmillan Co. New York, 1963

The Beach before Breakfast by Maxine W. Kumin; illus. by Leonard Weisgard; G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York, 1964

The Best-Loved Doll by Rebecca Caudill; illus. by Elliot Gilbert; Holt, Rinehart and Winston. New York, 1962

Bigger Than an Elephant by Joan Berg Victor; Crown Publishers, Inc. New York, 1968

The Biggest Bear by Lynd Ward; Houghton Mifflin Co. Boston, 1952

Big Max by Kin Platt; illus. by Robert Lopshire; Harper & Row. New York, 1965

The Big Yellow Balloon by Edward Fenton; illus. by Ib Ohlsson; Doubleday & Co., Inc. Garden City, New York, 1967

Bonhomme by Laurent de Brunhoff; translated by Richard Howard; Pantheon Books. 1965

The Case of the Cat's Meow by Crosby Bonsall; Harper & Row. New York, 1965

The Case of the Dumb Bells by Crosby Bonsall; Harper & Row. New York, 1966

Charlotte's Web by E. B. White; illus. by Garth Williams; Dell Publishing Co., Inc. New York, 1952

The Chimp and the Clown by Ruth Carroll; Henry Z. Walck, Inc. New York, 1968

Cinderella translated from Perrault by Marcia Brown; Charles Scribner's Sons. New York, 1954

Conrad's Castle by Ben Shecter; Harper & Row. New York, 1967

The Country Bunny and the Little Gold Shoes by Du Bose Heyward; illus. by Marjorie Hack; Houghton Mifflin Co. Boston, 1939

The Creatures' Choir by Carmen Bernos de Gasztold; translated by Rumer Godden; illus. by Jean Primrose; The Viking Press. New York, 1965

Crictor by Tomi Ungerer; Harper & Row. New York, 1958

Cricket Songs translated by Harry Behn; Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc. New York, 1964

Cynthia and the Unicorn by Jean Todd Freeman; illus. by Leonard Weisgard; W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. New York 1963

Dance in the Desert by Madeleine L'Engle; illus. by Symeon Shimin; Farrar, Straus & Giroux. New York 1969

Dead End School by Robert Coles; illus. by Norman Rockwell; Little, Brown and Company. Boston, 1968

Dear Garbage Man by Gene Zion; illus. by Margaret Bloy Graham; Harper & Row. New York, 1957

Dog and Butterfly by Hannah Rush; illus. by Ken Rinciari; Thomas Nelson & Sons. Edinburgh, 1965

The Elephant Who Liked to Smash Small Cars by Jean Merrill and Ronni Solbert; Pantheon Books. 1967

Elizabite by H. A. Rey; Harper & Row. New York, 1942

Elmer - The Story of a Patchwork Elephant by David McKee; McGraw-Hill Book Company. New York, 1968

Emily, Girl Witch of New York by Ben Shecter; The Dial Press. New York, 1963

The Extraordinary Tug-of-War retold by Letta Schatz; illus. by John Burningham; Follett Publishing Co. New York, 1968

Fight the Night by Tomie de Paola; J. B. Lippincott Co. Philadelphia, 1968

The 500 Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins by Dr. Seuss; The Vanguard Press. New York, 1938

Gabrielle and Selena by Peter Desbarats; illus. by Nancy Grossman; Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc. New York, 1968

Ghost in a Four-Room Apartment by Ellen Raskin; Atheneum. New York, 1969

The Goblin Under the Stairs by Mary Calhoun; illus. by Janet McCaffery; William Morrow & Company. 1967-68

Harriet and the Promised Land by Jacob Lawrence; Windmill Books, Inc. New York, 1968

Harry the Dirty Dog by Gene Zion; illus. by Margaret Bloy Graham; Harper & Row. New York, 1956

"Hi Mr. Robin" by Alvin Tresselt; illus. by Roger Duvoisin; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Inc. New York, 1966

Horns Everywhere by Eleonore Schmid; Harlin Quist, Inc., Distributed by Crown Publishers, Inc. 1968

I Am the Darker Brother by A. Adoff; Macmillan Co. New York, 1968

In the Flaky Frosty Morning by Karla Kuskin; Harper & Row. New York, 1969

Jacob and the Robbers by Marlene Reidel; Atheneum. New York, 1965

James and the Rain by Karla Kuskin; Harper & Row. New York, 1957

Jonathan and the Bank Robbers by Ben Shecter; The Dial Press. New York, 1964

Jorinda and Joringel by the Brothers Grimm; illus. by Adrienne Adams; translated by Elizabeth Shub; Charles Scribner's Sons. New York, 1968

Josefina February by Evaline Ness; Charles Scribner's Sons. New York, 1963

Journeys of Sebastian by Fernando Krahn; Seymour Lawrence Book/Delacorte Press. New York, 1968

A Kiss for Little Bear by Else Holmelund Minarik; illus. by Maurice Sendak; Harper & Row. New York, 1968

Leaves in the Sun by Yuki; Walker/Weatherhill. New York 1968

Let's Be Enemies by Janice May Udry; illus. by Maurice Sendak; Harper & Row. New York, 1961

The Little Cockerel by Victor G. Ambrus; Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc. New York, 1968

Little House in the Big Woods by Laura Ingalls Wilder; illus. by Garth Williams; Harper & Row. New York, 1953

Little Tim and the Brave Sea Captain by Edward Ardizzone; Henry Z. Walck, Inc. New York, 1955

Little Wolf by Ann McGovern; illus. by Nola Langer; Abelard-Schuman. London, 1965

The Lollipop Party by Ruth A. Sonneborn; illus. by Brinton Turkle; The Viking Press. New York, 1967

Madeline by Ludwig Bemelmans; The Viking Press. New York, 1960

Madeline's Rescue by Ludwig Bemelmans; The Viking Press. New York, 1966

Make Way for Ducklings by Robert McCloskey; The Viking Press. New York, 1966

Miguel's Mountain by Bill Binzen; Coward-McCann, Inc. New York, 1968

Mike Mulligan and His Steam Shovel by Virginia Lee Burton; Houghton Mifflin Company. Boston, 1930

The Monster Den or Look What Happened at My House - and to It by John Ciardi; illus. by Edward Gorey; J. B. Lippincott Co. Philadelphia, 1966

Moon Man by Tomi Ungerer; Harper & Row. New York, 1967

The Most Wonderful Doll in the World by Phyllis McGinley; illus. by Helen Stone; J. B. Lippincott Co. Philadelphia, 1950

The Mouse and the Lion by Eve Titus; illus. by Leonard Weisgard; Parents' Magazine Press, Inc. New York, 1962

Mr. Smith & Other Nonsense by William Jay Smith; illus. by Don Bolognese; Semour Lawrence Book/Delacorte Press. New York, 1968

Night Noises by Laverne Johnson; illus. by Martha Alexander; Parents' Magazine Press. New York, 1968

Oh Lord, I Wish I Was a Buzzard by Polly Greenberg; illus. by Aliki; Macmillan Co. New York, 1968

Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats by T.S. Eliot; Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc. New York, 1939

On City Streets selected by Nancy Larrick; photographs by David Sagarin; M. Evans and Co. New York, 1968

Only the Moon and Me by Richard J. Margolis; photographs by Marcia Kay Keegan; J.B. Lippincott Company. Philadelphia, 1969

Out of the Ark compiled by Gwendolyn Reed; illus. by Gabriele Margules; Atheneum. New York, 1968

A Paper Zoo selected by Renee Karol Weiss; illus. by Ellen Raskin; Macmillan Company. New York, 1968

The Pelican Chorus by Edward Lear; illus. by Harold Berson; Parents' Magazine Press. New York, 1967

Peter's Chair by Ezra Jack Keats; Harper & Row. New York, 1967

A Pocketful of Cricket by Rebecca Caudill; illus. by Evaline Ness; Holt, Rinehart and Winston. New York, 1964

Poems of Earth and Space by Claudia Lewis; illus. by Symeon Shimin; E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. New York, 1967

Polonius Penguin and the Flying Doctor by Anthony Abrahams; illus. by Hilary Abrahams; Franklin Watts, Inc. New York, 1966

Potatoes Potatoes by Anita Lobel; Harper & Row. New York, 1967

Pretty Pretty Peggy Moffitt by William Pene Du Bois; Harper & Row. New York, 1968

The Real Tin Flower by Aliki Barnstone; illus. by Paul Giovanopoulos; Crowell-Collier Press. New York, 1968

Reflections on a Gift of Watermelon Pickle by Stephen Dunning, Edward Lueders, Hugh Smith; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Inc. New York, 1967

Rex by Marjorie Sharmat; illus. by Emily McCully; Harper & Row. New York, 1967

Rootabaga Stories by Carl Sandburg; Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc. New York, 1951

Rosa-Too-Little by Sue Felt; Doubleday & Co., Inc. Garden City, New York, 1950

A Rose for Mr. Bloom by Bernard Waber; Houghton Mifflin Co. Boston, 1968

Rosie's Walk by Pat Hutchins; Macmillan Co. New York, 1968

Sam and the Impossible Thing by Tamara Kitt; illus. by Brinton Turkle; W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. New York, 1967

Sam, Bangs & Moonshine by Evaline Ness; Holt, Rinehart and Winston. New York, 1966

Say Something by Mary Stolz; illus. by Edward Frascine; Harper & Row. New York, 1968

Something Special by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers; illus. by Irene Haas; Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc. New York, 1958

The Story of Ferdinand by Munro Leaf; illus. by Robert Lawson; The Viking Press. 1966

The Story of Mrs. Tubbs by Hugh Lofting; J.B. Lippincott Co. Philadelphia, 1951

Stuart Little by E. B. White; illus. by Garth Williams; A Dell Yearling Book. 1967

Sunday Morning by Judith Viorst; illus. by Hilary Knight; Harper & Row. New York, 1968

The Tale of Peter Rabbit by Beatrix Potter; Frederick Warne & Co.,Inc. New York

The Tears of the Dragon by Hirosuke Hamada; illus. by Chihiro Iwasaki; Parents' Magazine Press. New York, 1967

This is the House Where Jack Lives by Joan Heilbroner; illus. by Aliki; Harper & Row. New York, 1962

The Three Billy Goats Gruff by P. C. Asbjornsen and J. E. Moe; illus. by Marcia Brown; Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc. New York, 1957

The Three Robbers by Tomi Ungerer; Atheneum. 1962

Tico and the Golden Wings by Leo Lionni; Pantheon. 1964

Tigers in the Cellar by Carol Fenner; Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc. New York, 19

The Tiger Who Came to Tea by Judith Kerr; Coward-McCann Inc. New York, 1968

Vicki by Renate Meyer; Atheneum. New York, 1969

The Walk the Mouse Girls Took by Karla Kuskin; Harper & Row. New York, 1967

The Wave by Margaret Hodges; illus. by Blair Lent; Houghton Mifflin Company. Boston, 1964

What Mary Jo Shared by Janice May Udry; illus. by Eleanor Mill; Albert Whitman & Company. Chicago, 1966

What's Your Name? by Edna Eicke; Windmill Books, Inc., distributed by Harper & Row. 1968

When It Rained Cats and Dogs by Nancy Byrd Turner and Tibor Gergely; J. B. Lippincott Co. Philadelphia,1946

Whistle for Willie by Ezra Jack Keats; The Viking Press. New York, 1966

Winnie-The Pooh by A.A. Milne; illus. by Ernest H. Shepard; E.P. Dutton & Co., Inc. New York, 1961

The Wonderful O by James Thurber; illus. by Marc Simont; Simon and Schuster. New York, 1957

Youngest One by Taro Yashima; The Viking Press. New York, 1966

The annotated bibliography which follows is a selection of those books which have been most successfully used in the CAREL literature program. Each entry includes a brief synopsis of the story by the CAREL staff, ideas for teachers about the ways in which the books can be used, and (in some cases) sample responses elicited from children in the classroom situation. It is by no means intended to be a definitive listing, but merely a representation of what can be done. In the judgment of the team, some of these books are not necessarily examples of the best in children's literature; however, proved successful in terms of the program's purpose, in the strategies that they suggested, and in the responses that these strategies in turn elicited from both children and teachers.

The Adventures of Tommy by H. G. Wells, Knopf . N.Y. written 1898

A small boy, Tommy, rescues a very rich man who has fallen into the ocean. The rich man tries to give Tommy a reward, but the boy refuses. He does agree to accept a pet instead, which turns out to be an elephant. He names the elephant Augustus. The book ends with the arrival of the elephant and the adventures of Tommy are left to the child to imagine for himself.

Strategies:
Discussion, Writing, Pictures.

1. What kind of man was the rich man? (Discuss the expression on his face before he stepped over the cliff.) Does he remind you of any other person we've read about? (e.g., king in 500 Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins)
2. How did Tommy feel about his new pet? How do you think he took care of him? Where did the new pet sleep?
3. This book obviously lends itself to writing "another book" to tell about Tommy's adventures with Augustus. This could be done in story and picture--or perhaps in cartoon or comic book style.

GUS BECOMES A PRESIDENT
by Alvin

Gus Becomes A
Presendent.
This is where
he stays.

If you were Gus
would you act
like him.

When he
go's on tv he
talks juk.
But he's nice.

Would you act all cool like
him.
This is how he
looks.
The End

GUS GOSE TO THE MOON

Gus Goes To The Moon
By Avis

Gus

One day Tom told
Gus he was going
to take Gus to the
moon.

He loves to play in
rockets. Tommy have
a play rocket.

So Gus tried to get
in the rocket but
he was to fat Tommy
tried to push Gus
in the door of the
rocket

Tommy finally got
Gus into the rocket
and took off.

And they live
Happy ever aft

GUS GOES TO AFRIA

Gus Goes to Africa

Gus has a good
time he will
come famuse
one day.
He went to
Africe.

Gus has a good time
at Africa.

Gus become a
millyunnur

Gus is a
billyunnur now.
He is a elephnt
he is a good
elephnt to.

Gus become
famose he is
a President

Gus is a President
he is a elephant
The End

GUS GOES TO THE MOON

Veronica

Gus Goes To The Moon
and turn into a ugly
creectur.

This is gus the
Moon elephant

This is gus the
Moon creetur
with five legs
and two spots
and three tails

This is gus the
Marshen

and he lived
happy every
after

the end

ABOUT GUS GUS GUS GUS

Jeffery

Gus goes to
The Moon
and he step
on the Moon
and it fall
down

Gus Goes To
Africe and
Became king
of the elephant

Gus Goes
fashing and
cach a whole lot
of fash

Gus Goes To
the zoo and
Became a great
acter in the zoo

Gus Goes
To School and
was the cartest
in the class
room

Gus Goes
To church
and knew all
about the
powple

Gus stays
home and
be a nice
pat

An Anteater Named Arthur by Bernard Waber, Houghton Mifflin . Boston 1967

In five chapters, each revealing one aspect of Arthur's personality, Arthur and his mother talk about problems which all anteaters and children will find familiar: a messy bedroom, boredom, the wrong food for breakfast, chronic forgetfulness and a desire to be argumentative. Written almost completely in simple conversation, the book has a humorous and affectionate quality, and Arthur and his mother are very real "people" to the young listener.

Talk about the adjectives and verbs that described Arthur in the four chapters. Think of a different word that might describe Arthur at another time. Use that word as the basis for writing your own chapter about Arthur --"Sometimes Arthur ---"

Name of story Somtimes Arthur is groovey.

Listen to my guitar. That's groovey man. What dose groovey mean said Arthur's friend. Well I don't know said Arthur. Let's ask your mother. Mom what dose groovey mean. Well it means you sort of like something. said his mother. Listen to my guitar. What guitar? The groovey one you bought me this morning.

Sometime Arthur is Incredible.

By Sidney

One day Arthur was very incredible. His mother said, "Arthur will you go down stairs" yes mother. he went down the stais he fell down the stairs but he landed on a chain. Arthur mother said, "I don't beleve my eyes"! His mother said, "Arthur come and eat." Arthur came in the house. Arthur mother said, get at the table and begin to eat. Arthur begin to eat the ants and the forks his mother siad, "you ate the forks." Then it was time to bed Arthur went up to bed. Arthur made the bed go up down the stairs. His mother saw him. Arthur, Arthur, what are you doing!

The End

Arthur

Sometimes Arthur is fresh in school. One morning Arthur went to school he was real fesh to his teacher. His teacher called Arthur mother up. His mother came to school and talked to him. And he went home with his mother.

The End

By Paulette

Sometime Arthur is bad

One day Arthur went to school. He was so bad that the teacher put him out of school. Arthur said to himself win I get home My Mother is to be angry at me. Arthur was home now Arthur open the door Arthur Mothe said is that you Arthur. Arthur said yes is me mother what are you doing home saw erly Arthur Mother said. I was put out of school. what you was put out of school his Mother said go up to your room. I told you she would get angry.

by Rodney

Aunt Agatha, There's a Lion Under The Couch! by Wende & Harry Devlin
Van Nostrand, Princeton, N. J. 1968

A lonely small boy lives with his Victorian aunt in a large house. When Matthew tells her there is a lion under the couch, she attributes it to his imagination, and humors him with various suggestions designed to deal with imaginary lions. The following day the lion emerges, scaring Aunt Agatha half to death. The police and zookeepers are called. Matthew is a hero. The book closes with: "You can never tell when a little boy has something very important to say."

Strategies:

Conversation -

Did you ever tell something true that someone else (Mother) didn't believe?

Did you ever tell some story (not true) just for the fun of it -- or because you imagined it?

Writing -

Continuation of story -

Did Matthew see the lion again?

What happened next time Matthew said he "saw" something?

Matthew writes a letter to his friend telling him about his lion experience.

What I saw under my couch.

Drawing:

Make a picture to show what might be under the couch another time.

The children made cartoon stories based on "What I saw under my couch". They used elephants, whales, bats, vampires, monkeys, snakes, foxes; i.e., potentially frightening animals.

Susan

Matthew: Oh NO, Aunt Agatha there's a ladybug in your hand.

Aunt Agatha: OH, nonesents there can't be a ladybug in my hand.

Matthew: But Aunt Agatha there is one said Mathew

Aunt Agatha: What there is a lad bug on my hand

Matthew: I told you said Mathew

Matthew: Aunt Agatha there is a Gerble in the drain

Aunt Agatha: I know Mathew beacause I saw it this morning.

Matthew: Aunt Agatha there is a Gerble in the drain And I can't wash my face.

Aunt Agatha: I know Mathew now stop buging me.

Matthew: Aunt Agatha there is a Gerble in the drain Please take it out so I can wash my face.

Aunt Agatha: All Right Mathew I will get it out.

Aunt Agatha: You are Right Mathew There is a Girble in The drain.

Matthew: I told you Aunt Aghta

Matthew: Aunt Agatha theres a snake in the sink

Aunt Agatha: Of corse there is Matthew
help
Matthew
there is a snake in the sink

Matthew: I told you

Michael

Matthew: Aunt Agatha theres a dog in your bed

Aunt Agatha: Oh sure theres a dog in my bed

Matthew: Whell Come and see

Aunt Agatha: Whell I'll be

Matthew: Aunt Agatha How do you say the Alfabit

Aunt Agatha: A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
Mathew How do you say your Alfabit

Matthew: A D P O U E B N S L W C Z H R T X K Y F

Aunt Agatha: Now Mathew you do not say your Alfabit like that and first of all you Don't Spell Alfabit like that, And second of all you don't begin alfabit with a captal letter.

Matthew: Okey Ma Okey I'm Just in the fist grade Well what in the worl are you soppose to spell all of the words

The Big Yellow Balloon by Edward Fenton and Ib Ohlsson; Doubleday & Co.
Garden City, New York, 1967

The story of Roger, a boy with a great big yellow balloon and Tom the Cat who had a great ambition to kill the sun.

Strategies:

1. Tell the story of what happened when Roger bought a new balloon, and Tom the Cat followed him again.
2. Tell who might have come after the policeman in the "balloon parade".
3. Name something else that a big yellow balloon might be. (i.e. a great cheese, etc.)

Crictor by Tomi Ungerer; Harper & Row. New York, 1958

A snake worms his way into school, engages in heroics, and becomes a part of the life of a French village.

Strategies:

1. Talk about different kinds of pets. Have children draw or write about the pet they would most like to have; the pet they would least like to have.
2. Talk about if I was a pet. Who would you like to belong to? How would you like to be taken care of? Write about or draw the pet house you would like to have.

Dear Garbage Man by Gene Zion; Harper & Row. New York, 1957

Stan, a new garbage man, finds a horseshoe made of flowers. He likes the horse shoe and ties it to the front of his truck. When he finds an old bed on the sidewalk he wants to save that also. By the end of the day Stan has saved so much junk he can hardly see where his truck is going. But the next day when he returns to his route, he finds that being a Santa Claus is not being a garbage man. Fresh story told with ease.

Strategies:

1. Do you save things? Tell what kinds of things you like to save. Does your mother save things? Tell about your mother.
2. Did you ever go looking for "treasures" in other people's trash cans? What have you found?
3. Pretend that you are one of the people who received a piece of "junk" from Stan. Tell what you did with your "treasure". Did you keep it? Tell why or why not.
4. Write a note to Stan telling him why you are returning your treasure.

Elizabite - Adventures of a Carnivorous Plant by H. A. Rey; Harper & Row. New York, 1942

Children love this story about a plant that eats flies and hamburgers and even loves Doctor White's fingers. But Doctor White captures her and takes her home, anyway. And soon she is loved by children, happy, famous and well-fed in the zoo.

Strategies:

1. Talk about strange creatures. Have children write or draw about the strangest creature (plant, animal, or whatever) that they can think of.
2. Talk about differences. How is Elizabite different from plants you know? How is she the same?

The Extraordinary Tug-of-War re-told by Letta Schatz; illus. by John Burningham; Follett. New York, 1968

A delightful story about a hare who proves that size has nothing to do with strength.

Strategies:

1. Why did Hare want to play a trick on the other two? Did he succeed? Why?
2. Why was Hare looking for a new home? Do you think that he will have neighbors? What kind will he look for?
3. Do you think that Elephant and Hippopotamus would like to find a new neighbor? What kind? Why? You might want to discuss bullies -- recall other stories concerned with bullies, as the "Three Billy Goats Gruff" or other folk tales or fables in which the smaller animal, or the underdog, outwits the larger, meaner or more boastful ("The Hare and the Tortoise", "Three Little Pigs", etc.)

The Story of Ferdinand by Munro Leaf; illus. by Robert Lawson; Viking Press. New York, 1966

The classic tale of the bull who liked to sit under a cork tree and smell the flowers rather than fight fiercely in the bull ring. Ferdinand has a very understanding mother who does not urge him to change his ways.

Writing, Discussion, Pictures:

1. Discuss bullfighting, prize fighting and fighting in general
2. Discuss whether Ferdinand's mother was right or wrong in her attitude toward him.
3. Rewrite the story using a different kind of mother.
4. Reqrite the ending of Ferdinand with a different outcome.
5. Have you ever been in a fight? How did it turn out? How did you make friends again? (Tell, write, draw)

The Story of ferdinand.

This is when he was going up the Hill.

He was a little bull going up the Hill.

If I was a little bull I wold not go up the hill.

But hes a little Bull to go up the hill.

Alista

My pitcher is about a bull
He set by the flower and like to Saml.
He do not like to fight the bull.
He is a lazy bull do you think.
He set in the Shade all day to
He like to Set in this tree.

The Goblin Under the Stairs by Mary Calhoun; illus. by Janet McCaffery;
William Morrow & Co., 1967-8

In the north of England a goblin-man (boggart) moves into a farmhouse. When the farmer tells the goblin to go, he throws the table on its back, smashes dishes, and in the barn scatters hay all about. The farmer decides to sell the house; however, when he returns to the house they make a discovery.

Strategies:

1. Talk about why each of them saw the boggart differently. Does everybody see things in the same way? Write (or draw) a description of something or someone that should be familiar, i.e., Charlie Brown. Talk about the differences in what the children see.
2. If you had an elf at your house, where would he live? What would you want him to do?

Harriet and the Promised Land by Jacob Lawrence; Windmill Books, Inc.
New York, 1968

The story of Harriet Tubman, told in simple but readable poems, covers most of her life through the use of pictures and symbols, making this book something to read again after you have finished it the first time.

Strategies:

1. Talk about Harriet Tubman as a Marylander. Have children write about (or draw) what a slave is.
2. Have children write or draw their impression of what the Promised Land is.

Jacob And The Robbers by Marlene Reidel; Atheneum. New York,1965

When the family is quiet and asleep and the moon is close to Jacob, he walks on rooftops and walls. In the forest robbers do their wicked thing. But Jacob, riding the weather vane, sees them and yells, "Stop, thief". A quickly read delightful little story, suggesting other stories through the introduction of "Jacob The Moonwalker".

Strategies:

1. Before the story, tell that the book is about a little boy who is a moon-walker. It might be interesting to either record their ideas about what that is, or have them quickly jot it down on a piece of paper. Do you remember any other stories about robbers?

2. After the story is read, discuss Jacob's adventure in terms of reality and fantasy. Did you ever think about being the one to trick robbers? (How I Would Catch a Robber) Or someone who could do magic things like climbing very high? Maybe Jacob has another adventure another night. Write about it.

Josefina February by Evaline Ness; Charles Scribner's Sons. New York, 1963

The story of a Haitian girl and her grandfather, and Cap, the burro. This little book tells a "Gift of the Magi" type of story and is illustrated beautifully by woodcuts which capture its loving and generous mood.

Strategies:

1. Write a story about what Josefina did when she saw Cap (at end of story).
2. Make a picture of Cap and the shoes. Tell why Josefina traded Cap for the shoes.
3. Pretend that you are Mr. Hippolyte. Tell Josefina in a note why you are sending Cap to her.

Let's Be Enemies by Janice May Udry, illustrated by Maurice Sendak
Harper and Row . N.Y. 1961

James and John have been good friends; they have obviously now had a falling out. John's feelings about all of James' faults and how he should punish James make entertaining reading. The ending is just right and is as true-to-life as is the rest of the book. The charming illustrations add much to the telling of this tale of two friends.
Strategy: Talk or write about being enemies or being friends.

My Enemy
Mark
December 9, 1968

Once I had an enemy but not any more we made up. I know how it feels to have not any one to play with. So I couldn't stand it any more I had to make up with him. So ever after that we were friends from then on and we still are.

How we had a fight Kathy

One I had a fight with Laurie B. And still were not -riends Now isn't that a pity! I don't think were ever goning to be friends again.

The Fight

One day I was playing with Alicia and I said let's play hide and seek and were having a good time. But then she went out of bounds and I said you went out of bounds and she said no I didn't and so we got into a big fight. But then she called me and asked me if I wanted to go swimming with me and I said Yes!
By CAROL

Once I had a fight with David about hoging the ball in dodge ball so I would not talk to David, so David wouldn's not talke to me. Then one day I invited David to my birthday but he is still anenemu because he said that he was not my friend so I was not his friend. And we never made up. The End
By Mike
And this is true

My Enemy

A few months ago I had a freind whosse name was Peter. I started not liking him when he was allways the boss he wanted ne to get everything. It's a good thing he moved to Californa.
By Andy

Little Wolf by Ann McGovern; illus. by Nola Langner; Abelard-Schuman.
New York, 1965

When the sun is warm on all the houses of the Indian tribe, Little Wolf will go to the woods to hunt. But Little Wolf is not a hunter; he cares for life. His father thinks you are not brave if you do not hunt. His son shames him. Little Wolf goes into the quiet woods, and proves himself to the tribe and family in his own way. A gentle story for young readers told in lean and vivid words.

Strategies:

1. Write a story about Little Wolf (look for carry-over of feeling for rhythm from book). Tell what he likes to do and does not like to do.
2. Pretend that you are Little Wolf out in the forest alone. Tell how you feel when you think about what your father has asked you to do when you see the deer, etc.
3. Discussion -
4. Compare with Ferdinand.
5. Who understood Ferdinand? Who understood Little Wolf?

The Lollipop Party by Ruth A. Sonneborn, illustrated by Brinton Turkle
Viking Press . N.Y. 1967

Tomas, a Puerto Rican boy, lived with his mother and older sister and pet cat in an apartment. Each day after nursery school, Tomas's sister took him home and stayed with him until his mother returned from work. But one day Mother did not come home on time and big sister had to leave to go to her baby sitting job. Tomas stayed alone with his cat. The book graphically describes his fears of being alone and his dilemma when he hears a knock at the door. The caller is his nursery school teacher. Tomas rises to the occasion by making a party with lollipops as the refreshment and the mother finally returns safely. The point is made that Tomas has not only taken care of himself, but also entertained a visitor.

A. - Suggested Strategies

Discuss how Tomas felt when Ana went out the door and the door slammed. Why did he pick up Gatto?

Did you ever feel lonely and a little scared? Did you ever come home expecting to see your mother or someone who was to take care of you and find the person not there? How did you feel? What did you do?

How did Tomas feel when his teacher arrived? Why?

Write about:

A time you felt lonely

A time you felt scared

When No One Was Home But Me

Becky

One time I was scared
when the people were rioting
down on fourth street. My sister
had gone to New York. When
they came back, people were
rioting. My mother was worried.
I was also scared too.

Georgette

When I was Scared
One night saw a spooky picture
one tv. The story was about people
turning into rats. The rats would
grow into giantsize. Then they
would eat evrything in sight.
They were horrible looking
I had trouble getting to sleep
that night. The End
By Georgette

Susan

How much I was scared

One night I was home by my self with my dog. My dog had got into my bed with me. I had a very bad dream. I tost and turned. My dream was about a monster was in my house. He was about to eat me up but I took a fringpan and hit him on the head with it. I went outside and saw iceman and many other mosters. Then I creamed for help. A poelice came and turned into a moster too. Someone came and saved me. My pup was under the bed hiding from the monsters. Then I awoke up. My mother and father wear at the movies. And I told Them all about it. It was very funny when I talk about it.

The End

Dorothy

A Time When I Was Scared

When I was little and I wnet over my cousins house when we went up stairs to play my cousin would try to scare me. One time when I went out the room she hid behind the door. And when I came back in the room she jumped out and hollered boo, boo. And one other time my other cousin locked me in my aunts bedroom. My other cousin had to break the door down. And those were the two most scaring times

The End

Dorothy

The Lollipop Party

Someone knocked....Should he call out, "Who's there?" What should he do?...He called out who's there? Mother answered,, It's I. How do I know it's you? Son can't you trust me? He told his cat to go see. The cat started to meow. There was a dog across the hall the dog started to bark. Mother Said, "Please" let me in. Tomas said how do you spell my name? You spell you name: T-o-m-a-s. Isn't that right. I can't spell my name. What nursery school do I go to? Barnes I answered. Finally he let her in. Where is your sister she went to her baby sitting job. Well every thing is alrigh.

The End
By Dorothy

Charlene

A Time I Was Lonely

One sunny morning I had a cold. Then it start getting bad. The next morning it start getting bader my through start huring my coughs was bad/ So my mother desided for me to stay home and not go to school. But my sister was all right so my mother took her to school my grandfather drove them to school. I stayed home all by my self. I was lonely. And in 10 mentits they were home. Then I wasn't lonely eveny more. I hope you don't have the samething.

The End

Beverly

When I was Lonely

Once upon a time I had stayed home by myself for 25 minute's. Then I thought about smile ghost story that I saw Friday night. I thought he would come for me. But then someone said. Don't belive in ghost. The Lord is with you. Then it all went away. Then I saw my mother she had came from the Safeway now. And I never will stay home by myself again. The End

Beverly Level-5

One time I was scared

Rodney

One day I thought a dog was ofter me. I saw the dog and I was scared. I did not know what to do. I saw some brushes and did not waste any time. I jumped in the brushes and the dog went pass me. So you see there no reason to be afraid.

Erik

The Lollipop Party

...Someone knocked ...
Should he call out, "Who's there?" What should he do? ...

So he called the police, and the police came and then the police knocked on the door when Tomas opened the door there people dressed up with clothes some people had on police suits some' had on ghost suits some had on atom ants suits and they came in decoraded his room then finaly came his mother and his sister with icecream and cake. They had a happy time after all. It was just like the King family.

Miguel's Mountain by Bill Binzen, Coward McCann . N.Y. 1968

The author uses real photographs to tell a true story about a mound of dirt dumped in a children's park. The boy Miguel who has never seen a mountain or been out of the city, persuades the mayor to leave the mountain in the park so that he and the other children may continue to use it in their imaginative play: cowboys and Indians, roller coaster rides, follow the leader, etc.

Writing Discussion, Pictures:

1. Why did Miguel and the children like the mountain so much? What can you play when you have a mountain that you can't play well without one?

2. Do you have a hill in your neighborhood? Tell (write--draw) about what you do on it.
   Do you have a favorite place to play? Tell (write--draw) about it.

3. Pretend that you are Miguel. The mountain has just been named for you and you run home to tell your mother about it. Tell (write) the story of the parade and flag-raising to your mother.

4. If you were Miguel, and at school your teacher asked you why you had been so sad and now look so happy, what would you say?

5. Could the mayor have written a letter to Miguel instead of sending the man? Write a letter to Miguel from the mayor.

by Carl

I dug it up when I wa
5 years old and a boy named
Gary helped me. It is under ground
no one nows where it is deep in
ground we have a trash can
to over it we need a latter
to get in and out you need it.
I chost tole my Gang a bout it
the do not no where it is.

My favorite place is.
Under a lady porch.
And the girhs know
all of it but they
do not play in it.
A boy found it
and he told all the
other boys

the End

Rodney

Moon Man by Tomi Ungerer . Harper & Row, New York 1967

A man who sleeps in the moon decides, after watching earth people dance, that the world may not be a bad place to visit. He grabs the tail of a shooting star AND COMES TO EARTH FOR A VISIT. He attends a party, is chased through the dark woods by a policeman and learns the smell of flowers, but decides to return to the moon curled in sleep.

Discussion and Writing:

It will surely be impossible at this time to avoid discussion of moon fantasies and our latest moon expedition -- man in the moon, cheese, space ships, etc.

1. What if the moon man again felt bored -- or adventurous? Where might he go? (Mars -- back to Earth -- trip through space -- meeting with astronauts) Can you tell or write another adventure of Moon Man?

2. What would *you* do if you met Moon Man? Would you believe him? -- be scared? -- want to go with him?

3. How does Moon Man feel about the astronauts' description of the moon -- his being left out --, etc.?

Moon Man Susan

After about four thousand eight hundred years he was beginning to get bored, so he called up his travel agent and went to Neptune. Now Neptune looked like it was very nice but it wasn't. In the morning he saw monsters all around him. Well, he sure wasn't going to stay here any longer!!! he called his travel agent and went right home and never, never went back.

The Moon Man Richard

He kept the rocket he got from the sientist, But made the fuel. He was scared to try the rocket at first but finely got curage. And boom! There was a sound all over the Univers. And the rocket was on its way to Saturn. Four month later he got there. But a

Moon man got tired of the moon so he went back to the earth. He remembes the last time he went to the earth. But he wants to go back to the earth. This time he got out anuthor way. This time he jump ed out and landed on a policeman. And told him he was not what he thought he w as. And so everthing went on happly.

Sally

The Moon Man (cont.) Richard

monster scared him. And away. Who knows he mite still be running.

Back to Earth

Stacey

Well, after a year he got bored again. So he made a little ship and went to earth. He danced all night long. He had lots of fun. So he never went back to the moon again He got new clothes too.

Ben

The Moon man went back to earth when he fall from the moon. Then he found a box with two buttons. He push the red button and he turn as small as an ant so was the box. Then he push the green one and it make him big again but when look around a dragon fly sit on the green button it grew big as he was. But he like the dragon fly and it like him. So it took him home and they both live at the moon happily ever ather.

The Moon Man

Once there was a moon man all crunched up in the moon. One day he got tirered so he thought he might go to Pluto for a little ride but he did not no how to get there. Then he saw a comet and he jumped on it but he fell because it was to hot and he fell into the universe and that was the end of the moon man.

Grant

400 years latter another shooting star flue by the moon man got on the tail and went sorring to the Eath if it was 400 years the word must of change and it did every one was nicer and so the moon man stayed on Eath and was called a Eath man.

Greg

The Most Wonderful Doll in the World by Phyllis McGinley and Helen Stone; J. B. Lippincott Co. Philadelphia . New York . 1950

The story of Dulcy, a girl who had to learn to distinguish between things as we would like them to be and things as they are.

Strategies:

1. Tell about "the most wonderful toy in the world" as you would like it to be.

2. Tell about your favorite toy as it really is.

I wish had

I wish I had a pear of skates very much.
And I hope I would nether loocs them.
Skates are fuln to play with. the End

by Cheryle

I wish I had a bike
so that I could ride it.
And it would have a horn

The End

by Kathy

I wish I Had A Doll

Name Judy. With a party dress and boots and pat lethers with heels on it. And a Cowboy suit on a night gown and bed room slipper. and a bed with sheets on it

The End
By Roxanne

I wish I had a doll with cold black hair and a rain coat and some rubbers and a unbrela and a bathrob a pair of slippers that turn up at the toe and a pair of pajams. I wish that a doll hause came with it.

The End
By Alice

I have a GI joe and It is a white man and. I have a footlocker and I have a rope gun rifl and a green hat. the rope is yellow I wish he had a brown and black cat. That mach with his naeve suit when I get It. and It is blue and red and yellow. Do you no what It is a GI joe.

The End

Darren

Potatoes Potatoes By Anita Lobel . Harper and Row . New York . Evanston London . 1967

Two countries go to war and neglect farming, being busy with polishing swords and rolling cannonballs, etc. In a valley there live a woman and her two sons. While the winter nights are filled with the dead and the dying, the woman roasts her potatoes and keeps her sons by the fire. But the boys grow up, medals become more important to them than potatoes, and they go to war. The boys fight in the different armies, missing their potatoes and Mother, fighting on empty bellies until they march wounded and hungry back to the valley for potatoes. The old woman's appearing to be dead brings the armies and brothers together through mourning. The soldiers return to their lands and families. Potatoes grow again. Swords are planted in the fields.

1. Discuss the life of the two boys with their mother -- the relative dullness of a life of planting potatoes with the apparent glamor of soldiering, with its flashy uniforms and shining equipment. Was army life always glamorous? What made the two boys feel sad at times?

2. Why did the woman build the wall in the first place? Why did she not need to re-build it?

3. Pretend that you are one of the sons in the army. Write a letter home to your mother telling her of your life and how and why you sometimes feel sad.

4. Pretend that you are the mother telling a friend how the war was ended.

Potatoes, potatoes - The war
went on.
The woman was sad
Her boys were gone.
No carrots - not tomatoes
Just plain old potatoes

Boiled potatoes, fried potatoes
Baked potatoes too.
Last night I had potatoes
they fell in my shoe.
and I didn't know what
to do.

Rex by Marjorie Sharmat; Harper & Row. New York, 1967

A small boy knocks on a stranger's door saying, "I have come to live with you. My name is Rex. But there is something you should know. I am a dog."

Strategies:

1. Talk about being a pet. What kind of pet would you be? How would you live? What would you do? Have children write or draw themselves as a pet.
2. What would you learn in pet school? Have children describe pet school.

Rosa-Too-Little, by Sue Felt; Doubleday & Co. Garden City, New York, 1950

Rosa was big enough to help her mother at home, but not big enough to jump rope. Rosa was sad. Rosa had a plan to borrow books from the library and with her mother's help changed things for herself.

Strategies:

1. Talk about the family in the story. Listen for special words (i.e. Spanish). Have the children write or talk about special words that they have in their family.
2. Talk about being too little. Have children talk about things they are too little to do.

A Rose For Mr. Bloom by Bernard Waber; Houghton Mifflin Co. Boston, 1968

Mr. Bloom, taking the same train to the city every morning, reads his paper like everybody else. His wife is a good wife waiting for him with a good dinner, and at night they share a good sleep. One morning on the way to the city he feels a tickling in his left ear. He tells his wife, "It feels like something were lodged in my ear." Mrs. Bloom turns on the light, and looks into his ear. "I do see something in your ear. It's a green something." In the morning Mr. Bloom finds a gorgeous long-stemmed rose hanging out of his ear.

Strategies:

1. Make a picture of Mr. Bloom with his two roses. Tell (write) what happened to him when he had two roses instead of just one.
2. What happened to Mr. Bloom the next winter?

Sam, Bangs and Moonshine by Evaline Ness . Holt, Rinehart and Winston
New York . Chicago . San Francisco 1966

Samantha, the fisherman's daughter, enjoys telling "untruths." Her stories compete with those of sailors and the silent voices and experiences of ships with curious cargoes. One day her father tells her to talk 'real' instead of moonshine (lying). Sam's friend Thomas, who lives in a grand house, believes everything Sam says. He goes searching for Owl and windmills and on a journey which, thanks to Sam's stories, almost costs him his life. A real book for children.

Discussion or Writing (also illustrate)

Pretend you are Sam and talking "moonshine." What would you say that is not really true?

What did Thomas do with his new pet gerbil?

Why did Sam give the gerbil to Thomas? Have you ever felt badly about the way you treated one of your friends (or sister or brother)? What did you do about it?

My hair longer than you can belive
Words on the blackboard sing what it is.
A house could pack up and go.
the Fish is Sing badly.
My teacher can turn into a
ghost

Ears can pray.
London bridge said help I'm not falling
my door can ope itself.
my shoes can kiss.
My dress was Jumping.
Saint Martin school can talk.
A shoe say hello.
Shoes can walk by itself.
One I saw a glass that
drinked his own milk.

Sister can bark.

Something Special by Beatrice Schenk De Regniers
Harcourt, Brace & World . New York, 1958

Small poems obviously made for the children's market, guaranteed a safe sale, with all too easy to understand, still catchy titles; such as, If I Were Tiny Tiny; If We Walked on Our Hands, etc. Although they condescend to young readers, some will lead to interesting exercises in writing.

For example:

Listen
to the little sound of
a letter dropping into a letter box,
a pin falling to the floor,
a leaf falling from a tree,
dry leaves crunching under your feet.

Hardly the freshest idea anyone had for a poem, but it should work with children. Do, however, avoid reading about the secret sounds and putting a little feather in your pocket.

"A Sugar Lump Is Good to Have In Case Of"

Can you think of some other times when it would be a good idea to have a sugar lump?

"What Did You Put in Your Pocket"

Try "Playing the game" as it is in the book.
Let the group think of some other "gooey" things for their pockets and make up adjectives to fit the pattern in the game (rhyming)

"If I Were Teeny Tiny"

What could you do if you were teeny tiny?

What could you do if you were gigantic?

"What's the Funniest Thing?"

Obviously this lends itself to letting the children tell and write their own saddest, funniest, quietest, etc. things

"I Looked in the Mirror"

Children could write their own verses to fit in with the nonsensical theme. (They might be helped by listing orally two or three places to look and/or examples which are like the second line of the poem.

If Walked on our nose
and ate dogs toes.
What a mixed up fixed up
topsy Turvy situatin.

I Lift up my feet
and I fell a sleep
What - a - mixedup
fixed-up
topsy
turvy situa
tion
Angela

If babies got a job.
And we turned into frogs.
What a mixed up fixed-up
topsy-Turvy situation
Denise

I looke at tHe
moon and I caught
a big baboon
What a Mixed up
fixed topsy turvy sitian

If I Stepp on my
toes when I put
on my clothes
and ate a red rose
what a topsy
mixed up turv
fixed up

I Looked up in the sky
And saw Some star
That Were ariving cars
What a mixedup
fixedup

Charlene
I looked up in the sky
and saw some stars
That saw were ariving cars
what a mixed up
fixed up
topsy-turv Situation

I looked up in the sky
And sawe some stars
That were driving cars
What a ixed=edup
fixed-up
top situation

Linda

"What's the Funniest Thing?"

something noisy

people stomping up the steps
playing ball in the house
my mother screaming at me
St. Martin's school with the men building in it

something sad

flower getting picked
a man leaving a woman
if you don't have nobody to play with
girl don't have no shoes
turtle - because he don't have no friends
a sad man lost his job

something funny

a monkey looked just like me
a man sitting on grass and the grass went up in air
a girl afraid of a butterfly

something quiet

Level 2 (a combined first-second grade classroom)
God
a woman sewing
children playing quietly with toys
my puppy looking at me

"If I Were Teeny Tiny"

I would have a thread for my belt
I would have a bee for a plane
I would have a plant for a tree
When I want to take a shower I use a salt shaker for my shower
   it is very cold
I would use a spoon for a sliding board
I would use a comb for a ladder
I would use a match=box for a house
A grasshopper could be my pony
A paper clip can be my TV antenna - it is alfall funny
A ring could be my hula hoop
A thimble could be my glass
A crum could be my dinner
A bee's wing for a airplane That will be fun
Me and the anut
Comb my hair with the Ladder cut off the end
A button for a roller coaster (whipy!! whipy!!)
Doll furniture for my furniture
You would be a giant to me
A capital J could be my chair
A ball would be another world
A toothpick can be my sword
I am big now

"If I Was a Giant"

A shovel would be my spoon
A ladder could be my cane
A saw would be my razor
A train can be my skateboard
People would be my dolls
A sword would be my knife
A window pole would be my toothpick
A flying sauce would be my plate
A building would be my chair
A circus tent would be my parachute
The earth would be my ball
A grandfather's clock would be my watch
A floor lamp would be my flashlight
Two busses would be my rollerskates
A sheet would be my handkerchief
A dinosaur would be my pet
A torch would be my match

Sunday Morning by Judith Viorst, illustrated by Hilary Knight
Harper & Row . N.Y. 1968

A humorous and quite realistic story of two boys who disturb their parents' Sunday morning sleep with wild horseplay and noise. The illustrations are done in an almost silhouette style that enhances the pre-dawn doings. Despite the constant threats that somebody is going to get spanked, the book ends abruptly, happily, and seemingly inappropriately.

Strategies:

Conversation or Writing

What you do before your parents wake up.
Different ending - "They look at each other." Then what happens
or
NEXT Sunday morning
or
Conversation between parents in bed as they hear the noise. Illustrate.

Relate to "Let's Be Enemies"

Were Nick and his brother "in trouble" with their parents? Why? Were you ever "in trouble" with your mother? Tell, write, or draw about it. Illustrate.

Sunday Morning

One Sunday morning two boys got out of bed they went to church but they where very late for church. And there sister told them to stay after school. They did not do what sister told them to do. They got a spanking. Then they ate a candy cane that was not there--s. do you no what happened next they went to school and they told a moonshine and the moonshine was that they didn't eat the candy cane.

The End By E. C.

What Happened Next? Robbie

I looked at Nick and Nick looked at me and all of the sudden -en there was a loud roar. It was only 9:30 so father said for Nick and I to come in the other room with him. He gave them such a hard spanking that they were crying for an hour and a half. After they stopped Nick said don't ever wake me up again. So I said I was sorry and we were friends again. And they lived Happily ever After!

What Happened next?

Well said father in a grumbly voice I knew you could do it. Now next time you will get a wipping but this time you won't. Boy! We were so happy we did a cartwheel and did a summer-sault over a chair and messed up ever thing, until father DID give a wipping and we went crying to our room. And we didn't get any breakfeast.

By Carol

Sunday Morning

Nick and his brother got punichsed. They couldn;t have company for two months, they couldn't see T.V. for a month, and they had to stay in their room. They only got peas and hot dogs for dinner, and one glass of water. They had to go to church every Sunday by theirself. And when their punishment was over they had to say sorry. And they have never been bad again.

The End By Becky

Sunday Morning

Nick and his brother was fussed at, then spanked, and then punished. Nick said: now you got us in this mess. His mother said in a mean voice: Get dress and go to church without breakfast. So, they got dressed, ate breakfast, and then went to church. And came back then go to there room while mother cleaned the livingroom. mother was hard at work.

The End

By Paulette

Michael

Sunday Morning

Thire mother said come here
both of you no, I didn't do
it mom he did it.
come with me you two.
You can not watch tV
to day.

Steve

When the parents looked at the clock it was nine fourty four so the boys got in truubol for won miniat. Then they got bake up to play.

It was 12:30 they missed church when the day was over they each had red botons they had to have bandeches for a week.

BY Mark

John

it was 9:44 59 seconds they got wipped and it was over there bottoms were so red it could Miani's sun burn

Melissa

They looked at each other and said you are just luky little boys, It is now nine forty five. You yelled and fought and made this ofel mess. But you are going to be punished by clening this mess here and any where eles you made one. While we sleep.

the clock said said 5:30 Well you can see that mom and dad were pretty made! Mom spanked Nick and I was spnaked by Dad, and boy was he mad!!!!!!! He screamed at me and nick and so they said we had to fix up the living room but we thaught it already was fixed up. So we fixed it up and ate breakfast.

Sunday Morning

The parents looked at the clock. they said "It's 9:45 A.M." The mom laughed the daddy laughed I laughed, But Nickie cried I said to him "what's da matter? He said "I'm drowning"! I jumped off the cach and saved me broder. My mother said that she was drowning too. So I saved her too. And same with my dad. Since you are a hero you get to eat twenty pancake Mother screamed when she saw the living room The boys cleaned it. They put the blue chair where the coffee table and cleaned it So nice that Nick got 20 pancakes.

THey never got up at that time again!

The Three Robbers by Tomi Ungerer . Atheneum . 1962

An amusing book with dark pictures about three robbers who are redeemed by a small orphan named Tiffany. We never see the faces of the robbers as they move through the pages dressed in black, plundering and scaring birds and horses until the love of children transforms them into foster parents. The usual things are here: wicked aunts, birds with huge frightened eyes, the robbers themselves with faces hidden under hats bigger than rooftops.

Discuss:

Is this a scarey book? Why?
Talk about how book was like other stories (fairy tales)

Writing:

Write a story about what you would do if you were a robber.

Gary

If I was an robber in if

I robbed some body I would be

a theif in if I stold all of

the Juils in if I was the boss

I would tell them to still

Everything in if we still Every

Bodys money Everybody would

be por. the and.

If I where a robber
I would rob the first
nashnle banik. If I where
a robber I wood steel a
horse. If I where a robber
I wood ride my horse.
If I where a robber I
wood secen nashnle bank.
With all my luit I wood
by a house then rob the
house.

By Robert

If I wear a rober!

If I wear a rober I wood
take stuf it wood be
long before I wood be good
my home is in a cave
my cave is spooy for
a man to come in. I hate
a little girl If I wear
a rober I wood take her
If she came in my cave
she wood run like mad.

If I wear a rober (cont.)!

I wood be happy
to steel a pettey
girl THE END
by Kevin

If I was a robber brake in a store steel money. And I run out the store and I will count the money A say good by. I will buy turkey me a if I was robber. And I go back a steel some more and run away some.

The End
By Darlene

I am a Rober

Ones thir was a rober named Beverly. She was a girl. Ones I stold some money from my frened and. The next day I stold some juils for my self and I stold more juils and I stold mor and mor juils like rings and wochis and t.v.s and thing I had a black gun to and a black long hat and a black cape to some mor things that I would like like a hand bag and a wolit with money. Look at the botom. I am gowing to steel some mor juils and money to the end
By Beverly in Level 4

If I Were a Robber

I wood be dress in black
I wood come in the night
I wood be quit and I wood have pople with me. I wood tip on my toe and I wood be behive a tree. I wood have a gun
I wood get gol I wood have a log with me
The End
Cheryle

If I saw a rober I will take.
rober I will take a black hat and a rag. Saw you a rober no.
I wood wear back house and hat and black trees. I will take money and child and men fieght and take a house. If I saw a rober I will take money and paper.

Helena

If I Whrer a Robber

I wood take peples things.

And wood not give them back.

To the peple I took it farm.

The End Ursula

I am a robber

I rober the man.

I will roder you.

This is a roder whit had
lack hat

I have a little girls and boy

I am The rober The lori

I am a bab rober

By Pamela

If I were a rober I would rob a bank or a store.
If I were you I would not rob a bank or a store becus a copy would cach me.

the end by Janis

By Antoinette
If I wear a rober.

I wood wear a black hat
and black rag. A black bat
and a black house and black
trees. I wood sneck out to
rob.

The Two Robbers

I like to rob The Bank and run

I am a Big Robber today I will Rob

the Bank I am going to take The

money today out of the Bank

I ride to the Bank and Rob it by

my sefl and Then I had to Run

up the hill and The man hit me in

The head and I fell down The hill

The End Darren

If I was a gangster I would
go to the store sneak in and I
would have another robber with
me and I'll jump up as fast as
I can and take my gun
out of my hoster and shoot
the store keeper and jump
over the counter and get
a 100000 ice cream cones.

Victor

If I wor a Robber
I would robb a train. And a
boy and a girl. I would biuld a
casl. I would buy them a red cape
then I would buy them a red hat.

THE END William

If I was robber
I will take money and a t.v.
I will still dress and coat
I will still outside in the night
to still I wood still a rabbit to
by Janice The End

If I were a rober
I would get all the money
And the policmen would not get me
I would be rich.
And I would have a hideout in cave
I would robe at night that way
nobody would see

The End
by Alice

Robber

A robber is bad. I like to be a
robber. My Father is a robber he
robber a Store I took mony.
Me a my Father

By James

The Tears Of The Dragon by Hirosuke Hamada; illus. by Chihiro Iwasaki; Parents' Magazine Press. New York, 1967

In Japan, near a broad river, lives a peace-loving people. Their lives are lived in fear, for there is a dragon with a mouth split from ear to ear, with breath like smoke. But a little boy named Akito wants the dragon to come to his birthday party, so he sets out across the broad fields toward the mountain where the dragon lives.

Strategies:

1. Talk about being afraid. Have the children write or describe something that they are afraid of -- either real or imaginary. Discuss why they are afraid of what they have described.
2. Talk about the people in the story. How do they live? What are their lives like?

Tico and The Golden Wings by Leo Lionni; Pantheon. New York, 1965

Tico, a bird who cannot fly, is granted a wish by the wishing bird. He is given golden wings. Instead of being loved or belonging to the rest of the birds, he finds himself more alone than ever.

Strategies:

1. Was Tico happier after his wish was granted than he was when he had no wings? Why not?
2. (for second or third graders) Do you think that it was easier for Tico's friends to be kind to him when he had no wings than it was when he had wings more beautiful than theirs? Discuss.
3. How is Tico like his friends? How is he different? (Discuss last page of story.) Do you think that you are like your friends? In what way? How are you different? (Stress different experiences.)

The Tiger Who Came to Tea by Judith Kerr . Coward-McCann Inc. New York 1968

A girl named Sophie, having tea with her mother one morning, meets a friendly but hungry tiger. Without causing much fuss, the tiger sits at the table, and eats most of the food in the house. That night her father takes them out for dinner; the following day, the family goes shopping and buys food for the family and a can of tiger food in case the tiger comes back.

Strategies:

1. Discuss the way Sophie felt about the tiger (can see from illustrations)
2. Do you think that Sophie wanted the tiger to come again? Do you think that he did? Write a story about what might happen if he came back.
3. Be Sophie telling her daddy about the tiger's visit.

I think he did not come back.
He would never come back.
He eat to much at the gire hose.
I think that he is a fat tige.

The End Edward

The tiger came back agin to eat
some more. Food becus he is till
hungry. And then he ate all the
food agin and then he was so so
fool that he had a bad bad bellyake
and he left the house and till that
day the tiger was never seen agin

The End

The tiger DID come back.

The tirger ate all of the
food and Dink all the tea
and water.

He mess up the kithen Put
all the can on the floor.

And they Do not have no
food.

They Went to the Store
and got some food.

And in the morning they
Went shopping and they
buy tiger food.

The End Darlene

Clarence
He came back and he

eat the food we had.

And we went back out
to eat.

We had food for him.
the End.

The tiger nocked on the door.
the little girl answered agian.
and the tiger had tiger food.
he had like it better than
the others. the famaly was glad
that he like it, so the famaly
had some water some orage drink and
some things to eat The End
Deborah

I think he came back. A tiger
like that will come back. A tiger
who likes to eat like that
oen will be shor to come
back. by Antoinette

I think that the tiger was
in the Store eating up all of
the stuff in the store
in then when they got at
the store every thing was
gone.

I think he came back and ate all of
tiger food. And he ate eveything in
the house.

Kathy

The Tiger Who Came For Tea

The tiger came back. Because he was the girl's frenid. And he ate all the food that was in the house. The family went out to eat. In the morning the girl and her momy went shopping. They Brought a big can of tiger food. The tiger came Back to the girl's house.
The End By Roxanne

I think the tiger came back Because
he saw them in the store. And saw
the good food. They brawt some
tiger food and weit to by some
jiusy stake. And he come back.
The End Adell

The tiger did not eat the tiger food.
he ate the people food again.
he did not come back to eat again.
Because he was to full.
He hunted for his food. Victor

The Wave by Margaret Hodges, illustrated by Blair Lent (adapted from Lafcadio Hearn); Houghton Mifflin Co. Boston 1964

An ancient folk tale about a wise old Japanese grandfather who saves his entire village from a tidal wave by setting his own rice fields on fire to warn the people.

Strategies:

Discussion and Writing:

Talk about the "hero" of the story. Do you know of heroes in other stories? (Good for unit on folk heroes) John Henry, Paul Bunyan, etc.

Can you write a story about a good deed which a hero might do? Illustrate.

Pretend that the story is different. Pretend that you are Ojiusan explaining to Tada about why you are burning the rice.

President Gorge Washington was a great hero because he made the country free for all human bing. Like Martin luther King and all mankind. the end W. Coates

Dr. Martin Luther King

He was a hero becaus he was for peac. There was no fighting. There were holly no robing no holdup in the store. Or no stilling. There was holly nothing that hd to do with fighting nothing that had to do with holdups.

The End
By Alice

Dr. Martin Luther King JR.

Was a great man He safed. our whole country and he fighted for his freedam. And my whole famaily love him veary much. He was not a President He wanted to be a President but He could not be a President becuse He was specere. And His must have loved him veary much I bet you and I love him veary much too. The End of my story. And thank you for Reading it. Kevin

If I Were A Heroe

I would wan to be Cristafer Columbis because he dascuferd america he was a great man. I liked him. I would dascufer america too. The End Leah

I wish I was a heroe. But I help a woman to get a bus I was a heroe Sunday 8, 1969. By Helena L-4 The End

If I were a heroe, I would save my brothers and sister. If they ever get in a fight, I would stop the fight. And if they ever trip I would catch them ecspeshly my small brother named Christopher. The, End.
Beverly Ann

A Hero

Martin Luther King was a hero. He led the black peiple of America. He preached for us. Martin Luther King was very brave. He wasn't scarded to die. His words that he said made since. People of black Armerica thank him for everything he's done. They do so much to please him. People like Martin Luther King because he finds some place for them to live. Nobody can ever be like Martin Luther King. He was the best hero I ever heard of.

The End
By Paulette

Goodeled

Gooded mean's like someone is a hero. Goego Washington was a hero. He safed america. We will not be living inlet's Goego Washington safed us. Goego Washington was the first perosn. He is die how. He die in 1920. He was a very very good man. Will you be a hero someday? Goego Washington had children. He had tow girls and three boys. He had a wife too. She was Mrs. Washington.

Goodeled (cont.)

Mrs. Washington was a very very good lady.

The end By Judy

Martin Luther King

One time Matin L. King made a speach He said I had a dream that the white would meet with the black. then he said. He wish we all get to gather and think about our people. we would be better often. A I thought
Darren
we sould. And then he went home and he was standing on the balcony and was shot. two times once in in the head once in the cheak of his face. That was the end of him. They started to loot it was terable and disafal too. The of the America. And then they started to vote. The t.v. caster had it on t.v. they voted for Mr. Richard Milhaul. Nixon the world is better now and then so we have a better world now there are new things happing.

the end Darren

A Hero I Know

Once there was a boy
named Joesph R. Doller.
He saved a girl's life.
And the girl's name was Carol A. Davis. The girl lived
by a lake every day
after school the girl
would go to the lake
and throw rocks in
the lake and watch
them spash in the
water. One day the
girl fell in the lake
and Joseph saw her.
And he amedetly jumped
in the lake with a spash
and swam to the girl.
He grabed her by
the waste swam to the
shore. The press and
police came and gave
him a metal a took
pictures and the girl thanked
him.

Youngest One by Taro Yashima; Viking Press. New York, 1966

Momo has a young friend named Bobby. He is young and alone, with no playmates except his grandmother. Something seems to be going on in Momo's house. The two boys speak across a hedge, both bashful and wanting to be friends.

Strategies:

1. Did you ever feel shy? When? Why? Why did Bobby feel shy? What did Momo and Bobby do now that they had become friends?
2. Write -- as if you are Momo or Bobby

   What you were thinking or saying to someone when trying to become friends.
3. Next Christmas - what did Bobby give to Momo? Illustrate.
4. Pretend you are Bobby - Tell how you feel about mailman, milkman, paper boy, Grandmother, Momo.

APPENDIX C:

Poetry Collections Useful in the Classroom

The following staff-annotated bibliography contains a few recently published anthologies of poetry, some of which may be used with the young child in the classroom.

Lonesome Cities by Rod McKuen; Random House. New York, 1968

Rod McKuen is one of the most popular poets of our time. Over four books of his poetry have been published in the last year, along with something like thirty albums of recorded music and three film scores; he has been a rather busy man. Between the songs and the poems there is a connection: the poet has learned how to make insurance men, police officers, housewives, and street cleaners smile at their own lives. Words and music are simple, designed to sing and become a part of the whistler's vocabulary. McKuen's words stick with you. His poems are things he knows, experiences we never tire of hearing about.

The Bat-Poet by Randall Jarrell; Macmillan Company. New York, 1967

Randall Jarrell's The Bat Poet should be carefully read and, if the class is below third grade, edited. It is a long and difficult story. Mr. Jarrell does not write a book about the things children do. He creates a little brown bat writing poetry because he knows more about verse than about being a bat. The story is a good example of what poetry is, and how it is used by most of us. The bat poet is a week-end artist; trying to share his world and understand himself through his art.

The Creatures' Choir by Carmen Bernos de Gasztold; Viking Press. New York, 1965
Prayers from the Ark by Carmen Bernos de Gasztold; Viking Press. New York, 1968

Some books work for anyone, and you wonder why more people don't know about them; Prayers from the Ark, and The Creatures' Choir happen to be those kinds of books. The creatures in these poems emerge with more clarity than most humans in poetry.

Reflections on a Gift of Watermelon Pickle -- compiled by Stephen Dunning, Edward Lueders, Hugh Smith

Nearly all of the poems in this anthology are suitable for some second and third graders. The list below indicates some which would be appropriate even for the very youngest children in school.

The Toaster -- William Jay Smith
Steam Shovel -- Charles Malam
This Is Just to Say -- William Carlos Williams

Unsatisfied Yearning -- Richard Kendall Munkittrick
Sunning -- James S. Tippett
Poem -- William Carlos Williams
In Just -- E. E. Cummings
April -- Yvor Winters
The Garden Hose -- Beatrice Janosco
Millions of Strawberries -- Genevieve Taggard

On City Streets -- Selected by Nancy Larrick; M. Evans and Company, Inc. New York, 1968

In children's books, writers sometimes take children for granted. Anything children do is interesting enough to make a book worth reading: shadows of children at evening play, or skipping rope, the boy's feet just touching the edge of a rising moon. Nancy Larrick is the happy exception. Her poetry collections are in her own words concerned with little people and tall people, the corner store, a pawnbroker, apartment houses, and subway rides. Her book: On City Streets is life as we have begun to know and fear it, "Like Bees In A Tunneled Hive".

Teachers, always worrying about language, will find some of these poems difficult, boring, and strong enough to disturb most passive children into writing and poetry-talk. We would suggest the poems be read to the children; let them dip into the pleasures of the book at their own pace. These are poems about city sights and city people.

Only the Moon and Me -- by Marcia Kay Keegan; J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; New York, 1969

We are told on the dust jacket "these poems speak of the things children think about when there is no one around to interrupt". The poems are almost like recorded or edited children's writing. Adults will find a limited use for it; children will listen and respond.

Read some of the simple poems in the book. They are close enough to the sounds and forms of children's writing to encourage the writing of other and perhaps better poems on the same theme.

Poems of Earth and Space by Claudia Lewis; E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York 1967

There are few "nature" poems that talk about the natural world that children see today. This book, which is about the "outside world" of the 20th century, with its astronauts and planes and planet lore, fills an expressed need.

Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats by T. S. Eliot; Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., New York, 1939

A book of poetry by T. S. Eliot, full of fun words, and all about cats and names. This is a fine introduction to a master of English poetry.

Cricket Songs -- Translated by Harry Behn; Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., New York, 1964

A book of haiku, chosen from the works of Japanese masters and translated by a children's author. Children can see haiku and think that they can write it too. Hopefully, they will even try.

Mr. Smith & Other Nonsense -- William Jay Smith; A Seymour Lawrence Book/ Delacorte Press -- 1968

A book of poetry written for children by a National Book Award nominee and Library of Congress poet. This poetry rhymes, has definite rhythm, is like the verse people always know; but if one is going to have nonsense verse, why not have it written by an outstanding and contemporary young poet?

A Paper Zoo -- Selected by Renee Karol Weiss; The Macmillan Company, New York, 1968

A book of poetry by the most respected of modern American poets. These are not "children's" poems, they are rather poems considered "adult" which children enjoy, and are ample proof of how even young children will respond to the very best in art.

The Monster Den or Look What Happened at My House -- and to It by John Ciardi J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; New York, 1966

This is a book of humorous poetry by the noted poet and critic John Ciardi, written for his children. It is swinging, rhyming nonsense verse, full of things that children love -- rhythm, parents and children at odds, monsters.

Miracles -- Collected by Richard Lewis; Simon and Schuster, New York, 1966

Poems by children demonstrating the artistry of which children are capable when given the opportunity. Also good companion selection to Barnstone's Real Tin Flower, pointing up the cute or slick in the book by Barnstone with the insights of the less precocious children of Lewis' book. In many ways another look at our middle class concepts of what children should have in the way of an education and exposure to the world.

Real Tin Flower by Aliki Barnstone; Crowell-Collier. New York, 1968

Aliki Barnstone is about ten years old. Her poems are a child's poems. A child with "arty" parents, attending good private schools, and judging from her poetry, having a few out of the way places to play in, and be a child. She has more language control than most children, but doesn't necessarily see more. What emerges becomes almost well made travel cards; still she is more interesting than most poets used in the classroom. If you listen closely enough to her poems, you might hear your own children.

Comment on Poetry

by Sam Cornish

Poems should rhyme and be sentimental. Go to a party and find a week-end poet, his pockets stuffed with notebooks of poetry ready to read a rhyme or two. Sometimes he is a teacher or fireman who lives across the hall. It never matters who it is - the same concepts exist. If it is poetry let it sing.

Ask a student to write a poem, and if he is the kind of child who is going to make his way in the corporation world, he will tell you, Snow comes down/ all around/ the town/ or Sam likes ham. For him this is poetry: something remote that is concerned with end words rhyming more than an actual experience. Content second. Good lines first. If the same child took part in a riot, watched a streetcorner murder, ask him about poetry and he will remember a word that rhymes with another.

Some poems will disturb, we feel, the black child. Never mention slavery, sitting in the back of the bus; he can't take it. Let a child remain a child as long as he can; life will catch up soon enough. This is what many teachers feel.

Teachers will not discuss poetry nor take the time to read and buy it; as for parents the subject, many feel, should be left to the teachers. Instead of change, someone else does the job - the language arts teachers. Then there is another problem: time. How many books do you have to read within a few months? Will the children understand the words that catch our tongues? And so it goes on. Poetry remains something for writers, nuts, poets, and people with nothing better to do. Of course there are parties and those who write and never read because it may cramp their style. Still, the subject is taught in the elementary school, and everybody has a hand in it. This is mine.

As Lucille Clifton told the children:

There are
a lot
of ways
of saying
things.

Some
of the ways
are
called
poems.

Remembering my own childhood (sometimes there are no libraries in school, not any books at home, getting a reading habit can be difficult because there are no books around you). I tried to use a simple language -- sometimes three words, two words -- and hope that the image and child connect. Some of the poems will be things children said; others will be by me.

These staff-created poems were read to children, who responded with their own poetry.

Poems by Sam Cornish

Poems About People

a woman
in yellow
hair
& golden
shoes

a run
in her

stockings

---

what
yr
name
man
Sam
Sam

---

run run
tom
quick
like a little
bunny

teachers

have

mothers

they don't

go home
to
but

when they

count
their fingers

one
two
three
four
just like you

& me

the police
man

face
is red

when
he blows

his whistle

but his

face

is

black
or brown

if he looks like

me

or

you

father:

a bigger hand

i stand

on a high

chair

he

lifts

me

who

leroy

he

just
a boy

a boy

children

sit

side by side by side

a girl

with a noise

in her throat

wears a watch

that stopped

running

Poems About Places

rain:
a hole
in the
ceiling

rain:
trees
bend

playground:
a ball
bounces
and
bounces
rolls
and
stops

lunchroom
french
fries
brown
in
bubbles
of
grease

Poems About Things

paper air
plane
in the
hallway :
old
newspaper

old shoes:
my feet
on the
ground

my brother's bed:
my
feet
are cold

Children and Mrs. Clifton Speaking About Death

Mrs. Clifton -

"have
you
ever
seen
a small
bird
die?"

Children -

"i
saw
a bird
in the
street
a truck
hit
him
in the head"

a fly
bumped into my window
kept
bumping &
bumping
until he
bumped himself
dead

death:
a man
throws
a cat
down
a sewer
hole

death:

something

eating

something

Student-Created Materials

The Mouse Series

Benjamin DeMott said at an early workshop,

> "In order to talk about what a mouse is -- you must imagine it. You must take that power that you have as a human being and try to figure out what the essence of mouseness is. Perhaps you say this isn't important. We have a lot of things to worry about in the world. But it seems to me we get our power to move into what these other creatures are about by starting somewhere and you don't start with the leaders of nations as the source. You start with little creatures, or you start with the most obvious items and experiences. It may look like baloney, but inside that human creature there is the beginning of the human imagination."

Sam Cornish presented this poem to the children:

i

wish

i

cld

be

a little

mouse

Children's Responses:

i
wish
i
was
a
rabbit
but
they
wld
shoot
me

i
wld
not
have
to go
to school

i

cld
see

what's
inside

a mouse

hole

so
i
cld
rattle
in

the
walls

tear
newspapers
& drive
small
cars

i
wld
tease
cats

but
in
winter
i wld

be

cold

i
wld
scare
a lady
make her
up
jump
up
&down
&
down

i
wld
be
so
little
who
wld
hit
me

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